

The ROTARIAN

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AN INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE IDEAL OF SERVICE AND ITS APPLICATION TO PERSONAL, BUSINESS, COMMUNITY, AND INTERNATIONAL LIFE.

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Deer in the Snow—this month's cover—was done by W. J. Wilwerding, American artist.

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Photo: Chas. Winkelman

The Vine Within

*By
Douglas
Malloch*

***T**HE icicles, the frosty pane,
And the long whiteness of the lane,
But here upon the sill a vine;
Something of Summer still is mine.*

*Pass, Wintry world outside the door,
The fret of living frets no more.
The vine of love still wears its flow'rs;
Something of heaven still is ours.*



After Today—Tomorrow

By Hendrik Willem van Loon

Illustrations by the Author

I WAS born in a country as flat as a pancake. And when I say flat, I mean flat, for the average Dutchman has a mania for geographical levelling.

Socially, he is for all the hills and mountain tops and for all the deep dark valleys that a middle-class society, based exclusively upon money, is able to erect and to dig for itself. But when it comes to the land in which he lives, he stands for no nonsense of "I live ten feet higher than you." Those ten feet have to come down. If they were five feet, they would have to come down, too.

Modern psychiatrists would say that the Hollander has a "molehill neurosis," for no sooner does he see the slightest unevenness than he will set forth with his spade and wheelbarrow to remove it from the face of the earth. It was, therefore, not so easy to acquire any elevation (as they say in aerial circles) when the third story of your house was the "ceiling" and only the chimney-sweep could aspire to a loftier ambition. But on Sunday, during the regular Sunday afternoon walk (the only pastime for little boys in the pre-bicycle days), one marched across

It holds zest for the man who turns worrisome molehills into mountains that give perspective to things both great and small.

the top of the dykes and then the whole world changed. For these 15 extra feet gave one about ten times more of a horizon.

I don't wonder that the Egyptians called the "bounding circle" after one of their principal deities, for there is something very mysterious about the spot where earth and heaven meet, the one spot on earth which is definitely indefinable. And so we spent an entire lifetime looking happily for the place "where the blue begins," knowing all the while that it is not really blue and that it did not really begin anywhere except in our own imagination.

This idea, I fear me, is not entirely new. The simile has been used by a vast number of poets, some good, some not quite so good, and most of them pretty banal. It takes courage to rhapsodize a little upon so old a theme. But whenever I am asked what I consider the most hopeful aspect of life (and in this day and age of doubt and wondering, that question is bound to come up a couple



"... spent an entire lifetime looking happily for the place 'where the blue begins.'"

And as far as that goes, the historian, too, has his worries, for even if he himself can live on air, his family prefers something a little more substantial. But when he sits himself down to his job of explaining the current events of this world, he can at least take a long view of things. He has learned that nature is never in a hurry, so why should he try to be cleverer than nature and why should he expect that the human race can hasten the process of development when it has taken nature a couple of million years to make a single grain of sand? Indeed, so he is apt to ask himself: Can we ever be quite certain that nature is not just about as much interested in that grain

of times a day), I feel in honor bound to answer that nothing is quite so good as the things that have never yet happened and most likely never will happen, because they will always lie hidden just beyond the horizon.

I remember that a few years ago, when most of us began to feel the futility of the Great War—of all this immense sacrifice on the part of the best among us for one of the noblest ideals for which mankind ever went to war—I remember how I made a little private investigation among the few truly great people I knew and asked them this simple question: "If you had to live your lives over again, and if you had to go through all the miseries and anxieties that you have gone through, would you do it again?" In other words, "Is life really worth while?"

I regret to say that most of them answered, "No. Once is enough and too much." But it was Albert Einstein, the scientist, who replied, "Yes. The last few years have been dreadful, but nevertheless, I would not have sacrificed any of it. With all its dreadfulness, life is so terribly interesting, for there is always the unknown."

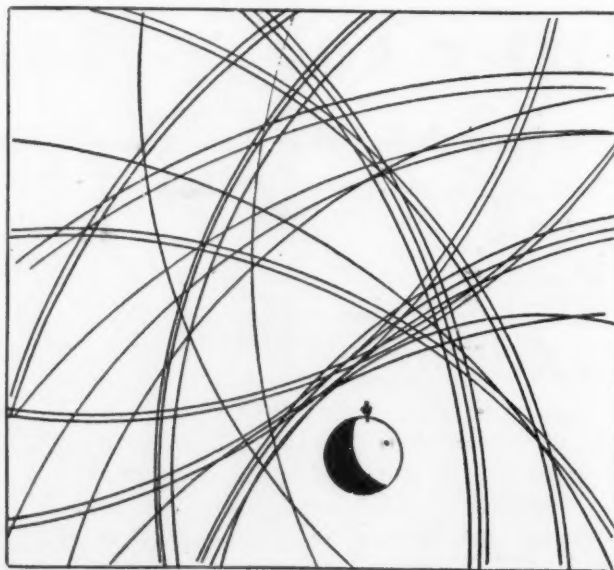
And that great and good man (and how rarely one can say that about anybody) had put his finger on the right spot: "There is always the unknown."

It so happens that my profession is that of a historian. And a historian, if he is worth his salt and pepper, is a man who should look at all events from the angle of eternity. For since our universe does not run according to the clock of ordinary humanity, since our universe is apparently not conscious of time in the restricted sense of the word which we have bestowed upon it ("so many years ago" or "so many centuries hence"), it behooves the historian to get into the habit of dealing both with men and with events from the consoling angle of eternity. And such a general attitude has its advantage. Indeed, it has many very practical advantages over the philosophy of the here-and-now.

I suppose that the majority of the people will always be more interested in the here-and-now, for their daily bread and butter must be provided before anything else.

of sand as in us or in our children?

And then he begins to realize that the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow and the wonderful things that lie just around the corner may be clever little devices by which nature intends to keep mankind interested in its own fate. Restaurant keepers often hit upon the idea of giving their customers a first-rate orchestra to keep them in a happy temper and to make sure that the public will continue to patronize their places of business.



"Can we ever be quite certain that nature is not ... as much interested in that grain of sand as in us?"

The good things just around the corner play the rôle of the brass band in the beer garden. They keep us happy and contented when we might feel that the performance had become so disheartening and dreary that we began to wonder whether it would be worth our while to sit it out until the bitter end. But then we say to ourselves, "No! No matter what happens, the next act may be better. We don't know what will come after the intermis-

sion. We had better get ready to enjoy ourselves for a little while longer, for you never can tell."

And as a matter of fact, life is very much like Broadway and the last act of the play often makes up for a pretty sad first one. And it would be too bad if tomorrow we met our friends who had been a little less impatient and who told us: "You missed the best part of the



"Prince and the pauper are on the same footing when it comes to paying for mistakes which they have made . . ."

show by giving up courage so early in the evening."

Now, there are apparently quite a number of people who seem to think that life gives them only one chance—that they will be called upon to play a rôle in but a single play and that when the curtain goes down, the performance is over. In which I feel convinced that they are completely mistaken. Not in any "Pollyanna" sense of the word. And when it comes to the well-known kicks in the pantaloons, which Providence so equally bestows upon all of us—I have had my share and more than my share. I have a broad pair of shoulders and can carry a little extra burden, so that is perfectly all right.

But even if nature is not always very kind and is often downright harsh, I will say that she works according to a plan that seems to me to be eminently just and fair. In the first place she shows no favors. The prince and the pauper are on the same footing when it comes to paying for the mistakes which they have made in disregarding any of nature's laws. And in the second place, until the moment comes for the final curtain, you can never be quite sure that the rôles won't be completely reshuffled and that you will not get a part that really suits you to a proverbial "T."

"I do not believe in miracles...future generations will have to work for a living."

There is one thing I hasten to add, lest I be completely misunderstood: that I do not believe in miracles. The good old times of which we continue to dream (the old times were always good, even if you spent them on a coal barge in a Jersey swamp!) when you might wake up one fine morning to discover that yesterday's shoe-string had overnight been converted into a check for a million dollars—those days are gone, and, Heaven be praised, are gone forever. Future generations will have to work for a living. They will have to learn their rôles and be letter-perfect. They won't be able to get through a difficult scene by improvising a series of wisecracks.

But the rest of us, who were taught by our papas and mammas that the gods in their wisdom give us nothing except for an equivalent in honest human sweat, we will find plenty of opportunities to display our special talents. And furthermore, we will discover that life consists really of a series of short acts—some of them written in a dramatic vein—others full of comedy—a few of them bordering upon downright farce—occasionally running very close to plain burlesque. But the pleasant and hopeful part of this arrangement is to be found in the fact that none of us know exactly what is going to happen to us when the curtain rises upon the next scene.

I started out among the dykes of my native land. I end by using a simile, more familiar to all of us, borrowed from the theater. But the main point I wished to make is this: that the unexpected—the unpredictable—the unforeseen dominates all human existence.

That which lies just around the corner, that which is still hidden by the impenetrable veil of the future, is the thing that keeps us alive and fresh and young and interested. And those who have been fortunate enough to make that discovery need not go in search of the fountain of youth in some distant El Dorado. They carry youth itself in their hearts.

The best part of life lies just around the corner.



One-House Legislatures?

Yes—

George W. Norris

United States Senator from Nebraska

THERE is no more reason for a government to have two branches of its legislature than there is for a wagon to have five wheels, or for a bank to have two boards of directors or a State two Governors. The two-house or bicameral legislature is a leftover from medieval times, a vestigial member of the body politic which can be as well dispensed with as can the vermiform appendix from the human body.

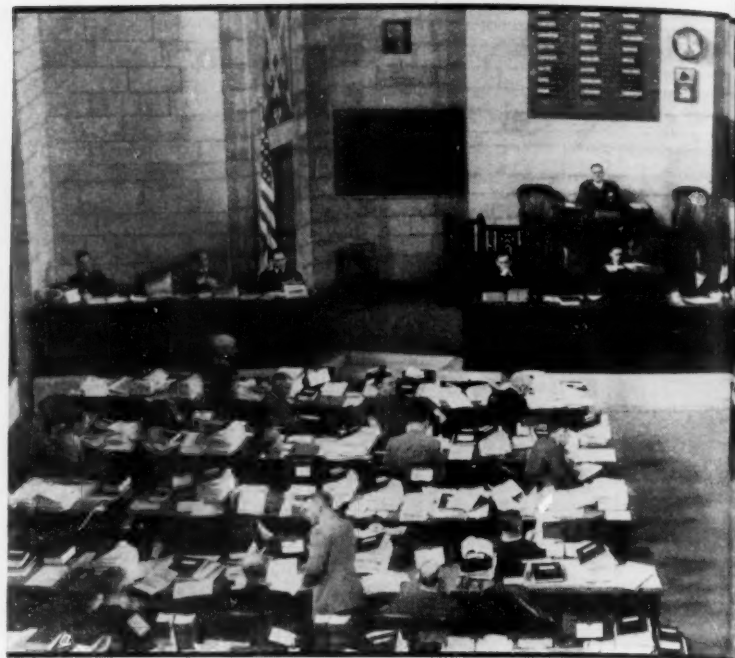
Let us look about the world. Great Britain, for all practical purposes, is operating under a unicameral or one-house legislature. The little country of Finland, noteworthy for its financial stability, has had a unicameral legislature for 17 years.* Eight of nine Canadian Provinces operate with the unicameral system. The Philippines, upon the advice of students of government, chose a one-house legislature. Alaska has asked and gained Congressional consent to hold a referendum in 1938 on changing to the unicameral plan. And the one-year-old one-house legislature of the State of Nebraska is working out successfully.

What are the advantages of such a law-making body over the two-house type?

To begin with, the two-house legislature is a magnificent example of what is called in America "passing the buck." Because in effect it becomes a three-house legislature, with the Conference Committee as the third house. Let us see how this works in the United States.

When a bill passes one branch of the legislature and passes the other branch in a different form, the matter is referred to the Conference Committee consisting usually of three men from each house. This Conference Committee, arbitrarily selected by the presiding officers of the different branches, arbitrates the dispute and drafts a law. It then reports to the House and to the Senate. The Conference Committee report cannot be amended by either branch. It must be voted up or voted down, as a whole. Members must take what they believe to be bad in order to get what they believe to be good. If it is rejected entirely, it may mean, and often does

* Other single-chamber legislatures are found in Albania, Costa Rica, Estonia, Germany, Guatemala, Honduras, Lithuania, Panama, Persia, Russia (modified form), Salvador, Turkey, as well as in many of the States and Provinces of Argentina, Australia, and Brazil. From time to time in the United States, various States have voted on changing from the bicameral to the unicameral method, and in 1937, bills for the change to the unicameral system were introduced in 20 State legislatures.



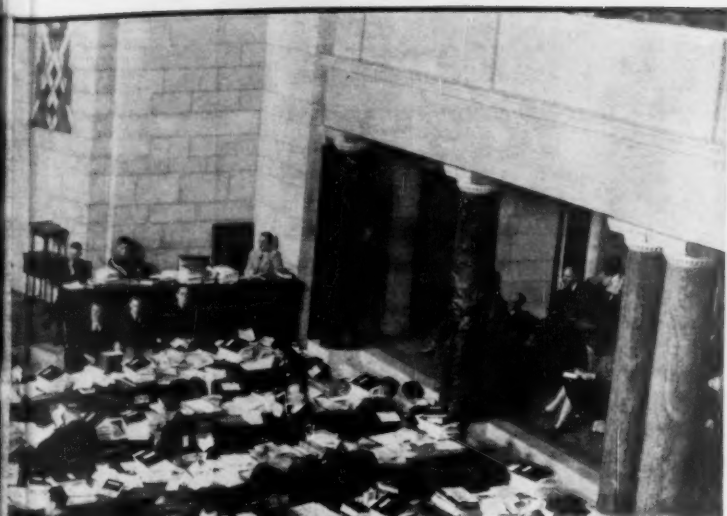
mean, the entire defeat of the legislation. If the Conference Committee does not agree upon a bill, then it must necessarily fail in its entirety. As a practical proposition, we have legislation then, not by the voice of the members of the Senate, not by the members of the House of Representatives, but by the voice of six men, two of whom, the majority from either branch, can defeat any legislation they oppose.

If we are to have a legislature composed of two branches, the Conference Committee is an absolute necessity. No man has ever suggested a plan, so far as I know, which would do away with this third branch of the legislature. Yet this third branch, meeting in secret, with no record of its proceedings, no roll call, and, for practical purposes, not answerable to the electorate for what it does, is undemocratic.

It would be much better to provide by a constitutional amendment that the people themselves should elect a third branch of the legislature to perform the duties of the Conference Committee, but no one has proposed this. Such a plan would add greatly to the expense and the delay now existing.

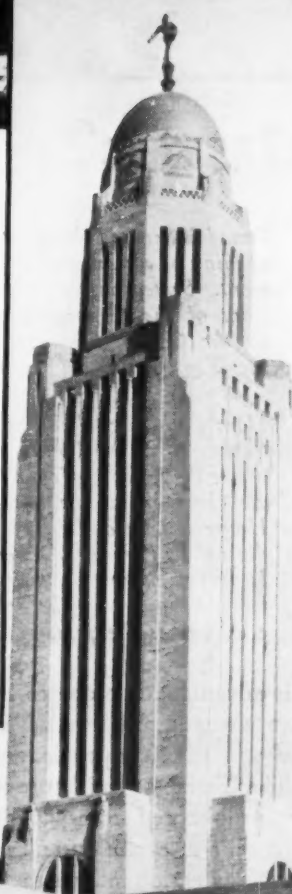
It is necessary that the people of a State make it impossible for any member of a legislature to shift responsibility. I can point to an instance in recent history in the United States when a majority of both branches were pledged in writing to vote for a bill embodying a particular principle of legislation. Notwithstanding this pledge, the legislature adjourned without enacting any such law. It does not follow from this that any member of this legislature was necessarily dishonest in making this pledge. But whether he was honest about it or not, he could go back to his people and tell them truthfully that





Nebraska's unicameral Legislature at its opening session last year. Composed of 43 members who are elected on a non-partisan basis, this Legislature is pioneering in a field which no State has entered since Vermont abandoned the one-house plan back in 1836.

A beacon on the prairies is the 400-foot tower of Nebraska's famed capitol at Lincoln. . . Favored by sightseers, it doubtless will be on the itinerary of many a Rotarian bound for the Convention, June 19-24, at San Francisco.



he voted for a bill embodying this particular item of legislation.

The difficulty in such cases is that when the upper house passes a bill on a subject, and the lower house passes a different bill on the same subject, if the Conference Committee fails to agree upon a report the legislation is dead. The bill has died the death that many bills must die in this third branch of the legislature.

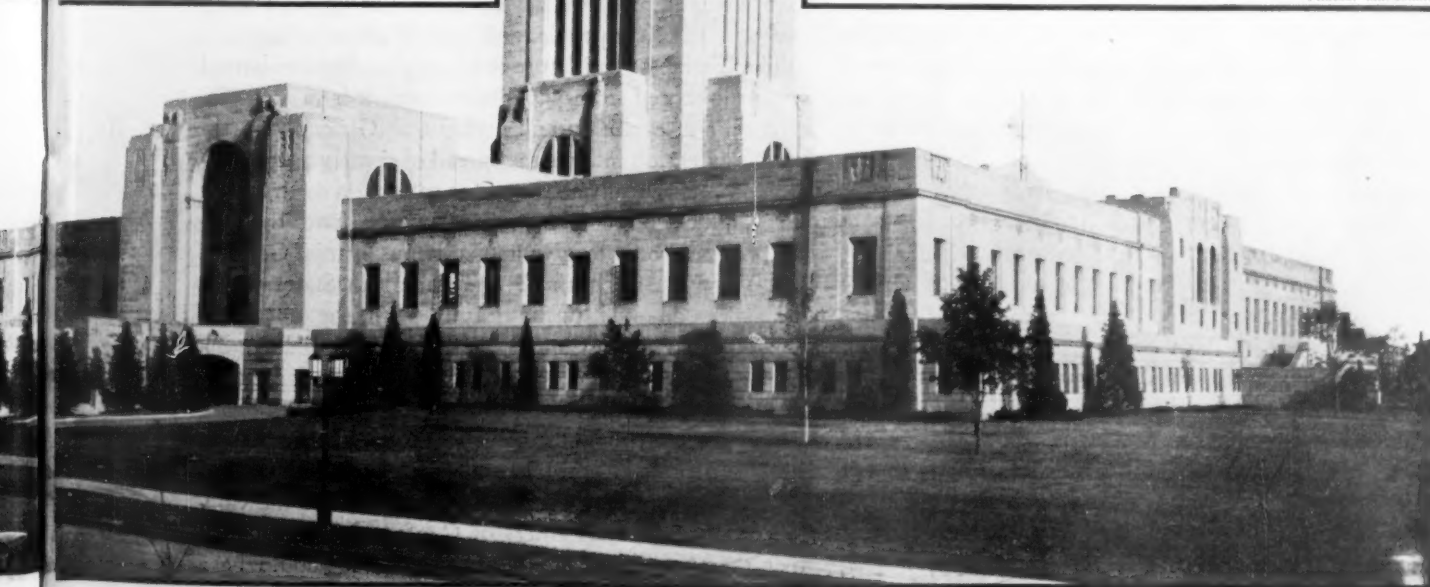
A one-house legislature makes this impossible. It often occurs in the two-house legislature that the Senate bill and the House bill are intentionally made different. They die the death in the Conference Committee that special interests desire them to die. The lobby, composed of experts hired by machine politicians and special interests, is successful in killing legislation before these five or six men who hold their deliberations in secret, and who make no record of their proceedings. The bicameral* system affords an opportunity to a dishonest legislator which he cannot possess in a one-house legislature. It is, therefore, an open invitation to the disreputable man to seek office in the legislature. Such a legislator sometimes introduces bills which he expects to be killed; he wants to be paid for helping to kill them; and he kills them by getting them into a parliamentary tangle where his own record may appear on the surface as perfect. His constituents will therefore perhaps reelect him, without knowing his real record.

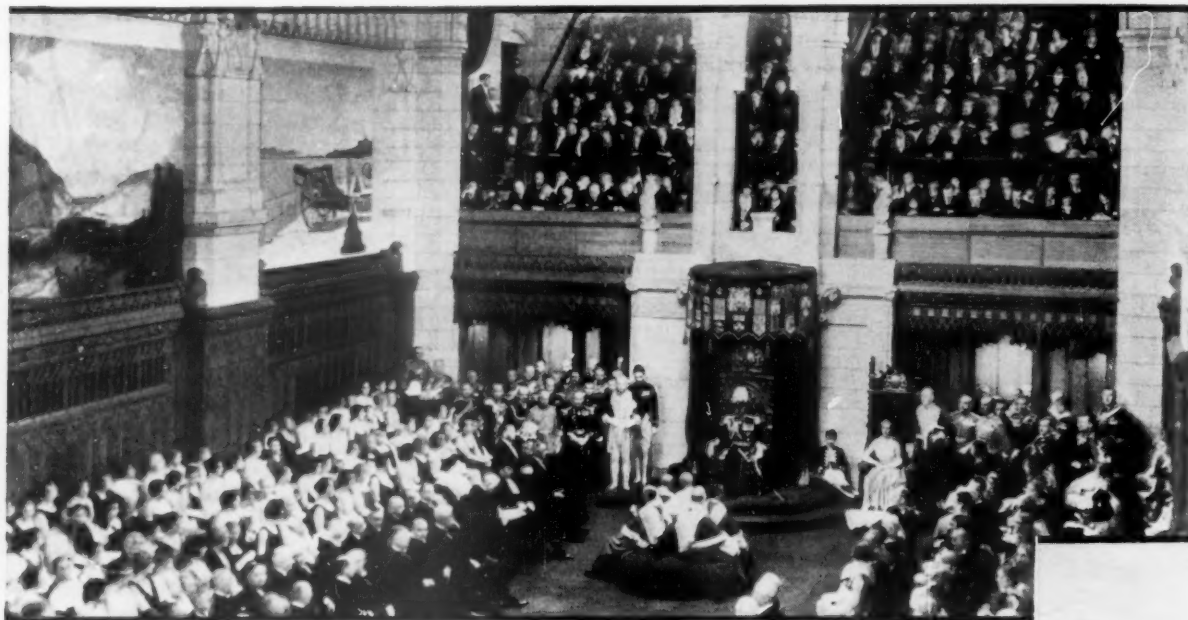
Nebraska's unicameral Legislature, which met for the first time in January, 1937, was composed of 43 members. The old House alone had 100 members and the old Senate, 33. I believe most people will agree that these 43 men served the State more efficiently than the 133 were ever able to do.

Compare the 1937 session with that of 1935. Although this was the only unicameral legislature in the United States and several weeks were devoted to working out new legislative procedures, the [Continued on page 56]

* Bicameral (*bi* [two] + *camera* [chamber]), consisting of two houses or chambers; hence unicameral, meaning one house.

Photos: Macdonald





One-House Legislatures?

NO — **Arthur Meighen**

Former Prime Minister of Canada

HISTORIANS have said that it was because the room in which England's Parliament met was too small that during the reign of Edward III (in 1377) that body was divided into the Commons and Lords. But no matter how adventitious may have been the circumstance that led to the change, the two-house parliamentary system has justified itself on practical grounds.

Alexander Hamilton, a prime figure in the early history of the United States, stated the reasons well in the *Federalist Papers*. "It is a misfortune incident to republican governments," he wrote, "that those who administer it may forget their obligations to the constituents, and prove unfaithful to their important trust. In this point of view, the senate, as a second branch of the legislative assembly, dividing power with the first, must be in all cases a salutary check on the government."

Hamilton cited a second reason: "The necessity of a senate is not less indicated by the propensity of all single assemblies to yield to the impulse of sudden and violent passions, and to be seduced by factious leaders [perhaps lobbyists are the modern equivalent] into intemperate and pernicious resolutions. . . . What bitter anguish might not the people of Athens have avoided if their government had contained so provident a safeguard . . . ?"

A third advantage of the bicameral system is that it provides a workable means of giving representation to territorial and political units and to special interests or classes, such as capital and labor. In modern society,

Canada's Senate (above) at the opening of a session of Parliament. Seated on a hassock in front of the throne occupied by the Governor-General are the Supreme Court Justices.

Main Parliament buildings at Ottawa, Canada. To the right of the Peace Tower is the Senate chamber; to the left, the House . . . here (right) addressed by Premier Mackenzie King (standing at the right). Immediately above the Speaker's chair is the press gallery.



this advantage is prone to be of even more importance than it was in medieval days, when countries were small and relatively few people took part in affairs of state.

The bicameral legislature is not a static, custom-bound system inherited from past generations; it is in a continuing state of evolution and perfection. Generally speaking, its extension follows the spread of constitutional government. Practically all the major nations on earth have it today, although several have experimented with the one-house system only to give it up. Pennsylvania, Georgia, and Vermont, for example, are American States which have experimented unsuccessfully with the one-house legislature. And in Canada we find that the older, well-populated Province of Quebec has a two-house Parliament of the type prevailing in the Dominion itself.

Canada by conscious choice selected the bicameral system in preference to the unicameral. It was in 1865 at the Conference of Quebec, two years before the Confederation, that the Fathers of Confederation saw to it that there would be an upper house. It should be a

nominative chamber, they declared, with its composition based upon the territorial principle rather than in proportion to population.

The Senate was constituted by the people through the Fathers of Confederation, and ratified by the vote of the country, on the grounds that it was in our interests that there should be a review of Commons legislation, with

special protection of minority, sectional, and territorial rights. Of all these delegated duties the Senate is the trustee; most of them it shares with the Commons and has responsibility just as direct as has that house.

In a two-chamber govern-

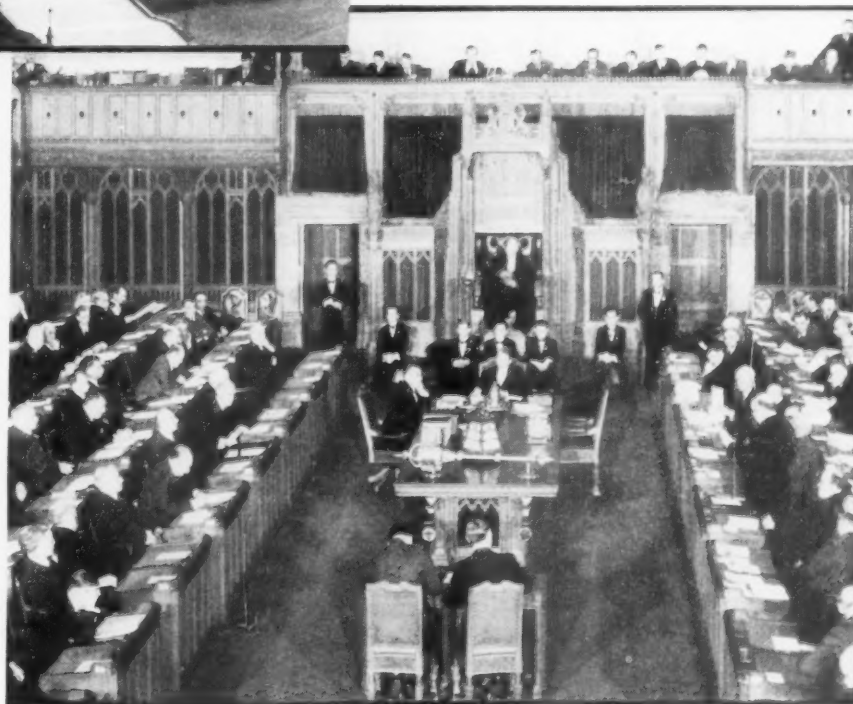
place where West and East each finds out what the other wants; where races blend their thinking; where classes learn, or ought to learn, by contact and conflict, that they are all of the same clay and need pretty much the same laws. It is the melting pot of the nation.

The Senate's duty is to see that the great principles upon which the country has reposed are carefully reflected in its statutes, to design legislation so as to meet the realities of business, to review and temper proposals of the other house so as not unnecessarily to discourage enterprise nor restrict the area of employment; to oppose the ravages of partisanship from whatever source they come, and at least to give public opinion time and opportunity to be deliberate and to be understood; to be governed not so much by emotional appeal or fleeting spasms of popular fancy, but to listen to the accountant, the operator, the employer, the employee, and the unemployed, and to make sure that legislation when finally passed will work with fairness and facility. The second chamber should be a workshop and not a theater. For this function the Senate was created, and this function it must with thoroughness and fearlessness perform.

In Canada, because of the nominative nature of the upper house, we feel that the Senate is worthless if it becomes merely another lower house divided upon party lines and indulging in party debate such as is familiar in the lower chamber session after session. If the Senate ever permits itself to fulfill that function and that alone in the scheme of Canadian Confederation, then the sooner it is abolished, the better. This practice is not to be deprecated in [Continued on page 57]

ment, the lower house must be the forum of debate. It must be there that champions of conflicting policies meet and struggle and decide their issues. There is the arena where young ambition goes; there he enters the lists and flashes his sword in battle with his peers; it is there that leaders of public opinion, and those who aspire to lead, mount the rostrum and brave the storm, the bustle, and the hurricane, the arrows of a hundred foes in front and the scowls of critics behind; there they press on in the measure of their talents and their courage to the glittering prizes of our public life.

The lower house—in Canada, the House of Commons—is the



Photos: Courtesy,
Dominion of Can-
ada Government
Department





One Father Isn't Enough: I Had Eleven!

By Ray Giles

WHENEVER my father got within 30 feet of a baby, he wanted to hold it. One of my earliest convictions was that infant-holding was quite a chore, and I was right. In the '90s, when every baby wore a ridiculously long dress and several ground-trailing petticoats, it required real artistry to handle one without strangling or smothering it in its own voluminous wrappings. But Father "had a way with babies." No matter how it suffered from twisted garments, colic, chafing, the heat, or floating safety pins, any baby in Father's hands would quiet down and get interested in matters outside itself and gurgle. This magic Father retained into his last years, and I record it as proof that my dad was a real father.

But he was also an inventor. As a boy of 13, I'd often meet him in the street and have him look me full in the face without any sign of recognition. That was bewildering and not so easy to reconcile with his love for babies. I was almost 20 before I understood that an inventor can be so absorbed in solving a mechanical problem that human beings—even members of his own family—can be only passing phantoms to him.

As mechanical invention was both center and circumference of his life, I suppose it came hard when he found that I had neither mechanical aptitude nor even the slightest interest in pistons and governors. Worse still, my real interests were as remote from the drafting table as fate could make them, and this was destined to make

me an incomplete son—and him an incomplete father.

But, fortunately, between the ages of 7 and 17, I had ten other *special* fathers. My experience with them convinces me that every boy needs more fathers than one. Today, as father of two sons, I have to squirm at times when I think about my own lacks in helping them. Every father should welcome the entrance of supplementary fathers—"sponsors" they have been called in these columns*—into the lives of his sons, particularly when they are men whose abilities, interests, and experience supply something which is missing in the parent-by-blood. And I believe that every man owes it to youth to father boys as other men fathered me. I hope the story of my own ten other fathers will provide the explanation for that belief. . . .

For nearly 30 years I kept in touch with the father I describe first. He was a clergyman I met when less than

* See "So We Are Calling It—'Boy Sponsorship,'" by Winthrop R. Howard, in THE ROTARIAN, June, 1937.



Illustrations by Robert A. Graef

12. I was carrying one of the first cameras to sell for only \$2, and my new friend plunged immediately into talk about photography. He invited me to his study, where he showed me beautiful reproductions of some photographs made by a group of pictorial photographers led by Alfred Stieglitz. Shooting "snaps" had been only a casual interest to me, but now my interest flamed. Before I was through with grade school, I did my own developing and printing and made fairly good printing paper with chemicals bought at the corner drugstore.

At the urging of my friend I read books on chemistry and pictorial composition. A new world of light and shade opened for me.

One thing led to another. I moved to New York, and when this father in photography came to town, he took me to shake hands with Stieglitz himself in his little gallery. After that I went regularly. Then Stieglitz began to display paintings as well as photographs. I got more interested in art. To this day I visit the art galleries regularly and keep up a scrapbook of reproductions of paintings that I like, thanks to this father who adopted me.

But another father who was in my life less than a year remains equally unforgettable. He was a gun tester who lived in the same boarding house with us in New Haven, Connecticut. Like most boys of my generation, I had played with cutout Indians and cowboys that came in sheets of ten for a cent. But these characters of a vanishing America became living realities to me when this man invited me in one day to see his room.

The floor was laid with Navajo rugs. In the middle of the large room stood a wooden horse with the saddle which my new acquaintance rode when he was out Indian scouting with General Nelson Miles.



"Walking down the main streets, I had the delicious thrill of being stared at . . . by hundreds of boys."

"My father in music was a guitar-playing bachelor who wanted to have somebody to accompany."

The walls bristled with bows, arrows, spears, knives, guns, and revolvers—every one with a story. When the Fourth of July came, the ex-scout showed me how to "fan" the trigger of his .45 Colt, just as sheriffs did at "bad men" in pioneer days. But the climax of our relationship came one evening when several red men in sure-enough Indian dress called at the house and asked for him by some Indian name I have forgotten.

It seems that an old-time wild-West melodrama, *The Great Train Robbery*, had come to town and the Indians were in the cast. They invited their old and respected friend to go to the show, and I, too, was invited. Walking down the main streets, I had the delicious thrill of being stared at with awe by hundreds of boys. Those who knew me stopped calling me "Fatty" for a while.

That was a kind of father I can't hope to find for my own sons, but perhaps the story may offer a suggestion to any War aces who may be reading this. . . .

With the continuous shrinking in families, more boys today are brotherless and sisterless. They have a need which I, as an only child who lived much in boarding houses, can appreciate keenly. It is experience in a larger family life than a boy can get in a one-child home. When I wore knee breeches, it was commoner for boys and girls to be invited to other homes for the night. As a builder of social maturity, the practice has much in its favor. Every youngster, and particularly the only child, can profit by these adventures. The only child, however, will





*"... here's a father to whom
all music sounds alike, but
who is a rabid baseball fan."*

be helped more if, instead of being pampered as a guest, he is given doses of the frank criticism, and differences of opinion, and shared housework he doesn't find under his own roof. In my own case this was supplied by a standing invitation I had to the home of a favorite uncle who had four children. These cousins became my own brothers and sisters. We all recognize the danger that an only child may become solitary, selfish, and spoiled generally. Well, here is a special opportunity in fathering! Encourage your own boys to invite only sons to your home. Your fathering may consist merely of providing food and bed, but the fruits may look like a million dollars 20 years hence!

Another of my ten special fathers helped me in a most unusual manner, for he introduced me to my own father! He made me appreciate Dad as I never had before. He was my father's employer at the time. He had a son of my own age. He encouraged the two of us to be friends, and often I was invited to picnics with the family. Here, for my private benefit, I'm sure, this man would tell his wife and son about some especially good work Father had done—a steam engine designed so well that for 25 years no one had been able to suggest improvements, an award won at the Chicago World's Fair of 1893, a juggling movement added to a machine for boxing matches which made the little devils fall automatically into their right places.

Every child likes to be proud of his father, and I am sure that oftener an outsider can explain a parent better to a boy than the real father can himself. Perhaps it's

because too much is taken for granted within the family circle. Sometimes it's because the flaws seem more real than the virtues. Often it's because, as in my case, the father is so close to his work that he uses language so technical in describing it that his own wife and children don't know what he's talking about. If you know a boy whose father is doing the unusual either in business or in professional life, or whose fine traits are admired by those who know him, lose no chance to praise that parent to his own children! Even if the lad looks incredulous, he'll be glad to hear about it. . . .

Today many American high-school groups make trips to Washington, D. C., to see the wheels of government go round. That opportunity didn't exist in my school days, but here again I was lucky. Another father came along when Theodore Roosevelt was first inaugurated. This man had a strong conviction that no boy was complete until he had been to the Capital of the United States and, in my case, he backed his conviction with cash by inviting me to spend a week at his mother's home there. All his spare time was devoted to showing me the sights. On inauguration day I sat in one of the choicest seats.



Life's horizon is first the family. Then the outlook should widen to one's community, one's State, one's nation as a whole. Finally should come the effort to grasp and comprehend better the affairs and problems of the world in its entirety.

I had had my "family" father. Two other fathers had been especially helpful in making me understand my country. Now I met an Englishman with whom I took long walks and struck up quite a friendship. He fathered in me a world outlook. He had travelled in many parts of the British Empire, and to many other places as well. Oh, yes, there are lots of splendid travel books. But they cannot give a boy what he can get direct from a man who has been in native villages in Africa, sold machinery to Finns, or travelled up Chinese rivers in junks. When, many years later, I walked the streets of London, Paris, and Rome, father Entwistle's explanations still gave me more understanding than all the books I had read about Europe.

So if you are one of the fortunates who have travelled extensively, I commend to you [Continued on page 60]

On Guard with Prison Guards

Joseph Fulling Fishman

With V. T. Perlman

IN THE old Tombs Prison in New York everything seems quiet this morning. Down the stairs come three prisoners on their way to the doctor's office. As they reach the bottom of the staircase, each pulls a revolver from his blouse. Then, screaming at the top of their voices, and firing indiscriminately, they run like mad to the front gate, demand the key of the astonished guard, who whirls and races toward the property room. Safely he turns a corner while the bullets of the three whistle past.

At the same moment the warden hurries to his private office for his gun. The three prisoners, feeling rather than seeing him, wheel and fire simultaneously. Struck by two bullets, the warden nevertheless reaches his office, and then falls in a heap.

Frustrated in their original plan, the prisoners rush to the yard in the rear. Here, battling with the two guards, they kill one instantly and wound the other. Then each sends a bullet through his own brain.

This is but a sample of how injury and death continuously stalk the "peace officers" of our penal institutions. Only the most spectacular and gory explosions ever penetrate the thick walls. Insurance companies, however, which make it their business to know the facts, readily grant accident policies to policemen and firemen which they refuse to prison guards.

There are many good reasons why this peril exists. First, an institution of, say, 2,000 inmates will not have more than 125 or 150 guards and not more than 70 on duty at any one time.

Nor are guards permitted to carry guns. A revolver on a guard provides an immediate and constant incentive for prisoners to assault him. With a gun, one determined prisoner may effect, and often has, a delivery by lining up some officers and threatening to kill them unless their fellow officers open the gates.

The guard works among the abnormal and subnormal, many of them eager for the cheap acclaim of their fellows which follows an attack upon authority, and who feel that such an attack wipes out a real or fancied grievance.

Hence sudden assaults are made frequently by prisoners who cannot possibly have any personal grudge. For instance, the deputy warden at a Minnesota prison was making the rounds of the shops when a prisoner asked to speak to him. The noise of the machinery made it necessary for the deputy to bend close to the inmate. Without a word the prisoner brought a steel roller down



Photos: Acme

Back to the cells . . . Three prisoners who didn't escape.

on the deputy's head. Not the slightest trouble between these two men had occurred previously. In a Canadian prison recently, a guard was killed in a similar surprise attack. This officer had his back turned to the gang with which he was working. Suddenly a prisoner stepped away from the rest and struck the guard a heavy blow with a crowbar, killing him instantly.

At Leavenworth an inmate suddenly leaped out of a barber chair and made a murderous attack on the shop guard, severing two of his arteries. At Atlanta the prisoners were marching into the mess hall. As they passed the deputy warden, one of them turned, pulled an iron bar from his blouse, and fractured the deputy's skull. The keeper at Auburn, New York, Prison was murdered while watching the men go into the mess hall. The assassin leaped out of the line and made two lightning passes with a file which he had sharpened into a knife. These are but a few of innumerable instances.

One might think that guards in reformatories lead safer lives. Generally, though, it is much more difficult to maintain discipline in a reformatory. Young men are much more vain than their older counterparts, and more anxious to be looked upon as "hard boiled." They have not yet learned how to control their tempers like old-time convicts, who have learned that "the quickest way out is through the front door."

The length to which some young desperadoes in reformatories go would pass belief were it not for the records.

Here is a list of the *more serious* attacks on officers by inmates of *one* reformatory in the course of a few years:

Officer disfigured and cheekbone and nose fractured by an iron weight; same officer subsequently injured by a black-jack; officer struck on head with wooden jackle weighing about ten pounds; skull fractured; officer in charge of shop slashed in throat; officer attacked and throat cut from ear to ear by sharpened piece of steel.

So it goes in penal institutions for young and old all over the United States. In a period of approximately three years, 33 guards have been killed by prisoners and 89 injured so badly that they have had to spend considerable time in the hospital. This tells but a very small part of the story because, for every attack which resulted in death or serious injury, at least a dozen were made which failed to achieve the same unfortunate results.

IT IS a commonplace for people—assisted by newspapers—to criticize prison officials for “permitting” the prisoners to have deadly weapons. The answer is simple: no way has yet been found to prevent it.

Even the most ordinary occupations give prisoners access to implements which they may use as weapons. In the tailor shop they handle knives and scissors, and in the stone shed, chisels and hammers. In the shops devoted to repairs, they must work with wrenches, hammers, saws, and other tools.

Prisoners make knives from door hinges rubbed down to a razor edge on the walls of cells, from long nails beaten out to a point, from scraps of iron or steel picked up in the shops. They make stilettos from broomsticks.

Guards must be on the alert constantly to checkmate smuggling. Guns are carried in by trustees or by civilians whom the inmate bribes. Small revolvers which fit into the palm of the hand are placed in the overcoat pockets of guards in their homes and unwittingly carried into prison by them. They are concealed in pails of garbage, in pies, in cakes, and in other foods which prisoners are permitted on visiting days. Fountain-pen guns, which are made to resemble that useful writing utensil, sometimes survive two or three searches.

But even should a penal institution be “air tight,” the inmate makes fake guns. The effect of a gun, like beauty, is in the eye of the beholder. These fake guns are made from wood carved into the proper shape with a penknife, from soap wrapped in tinfoil to give the

“gun” the appearance of being silver mounted. A famous escape, that of seven prisoners from Leavenworth, was made with such phony guns before John Dillinger was even born.

And despite the fact that modern penal institutions are designed to keep everything visible, prisoners manage to conceal their weapons. It is a common trick to secrete stilettos or slender knives in the drain pipe of wash basins, tied to the cross bar with a small piece of string.

As soon as the prisoners realize that a search is in progress, they “ditch” weapons anywhere and everywhere. It is not unusual for one prisoner to “plant” a weapon in the cell of another. Therefore, when weapons are found in a prisoner’s cell, he invariably gives this as an alibi.

Increasing the tension in which the prison official moves comes a flood of anonymous notes, rumors, and hints of various bundles of dynamite about to be touched off. Here are notes one warden received in a few hours:

Watch McCreery on farm. He’s getting ready to breeze (escape).

Anderson, 61807, got a shiv (knife) in his coop (cell).

Watch out. Cosgrove says he is going to bump off the screw (guard) who shot (reported) him as soon as he gets out of the bing (solitary cell).

Many come from practical jokers (who abound in prison as nowhere else). But experience has taught guards that they dare not disregard any information, no matter how ridiculous it sounds.

In the case of McCreery, he may be actually planning to take French leave. Or it may be that another inmate covets his job outside the walls and is using this method of having McCreery brought in so that he can take McCreery’s place on the farm—either for an easier job or to make a getaway himself.

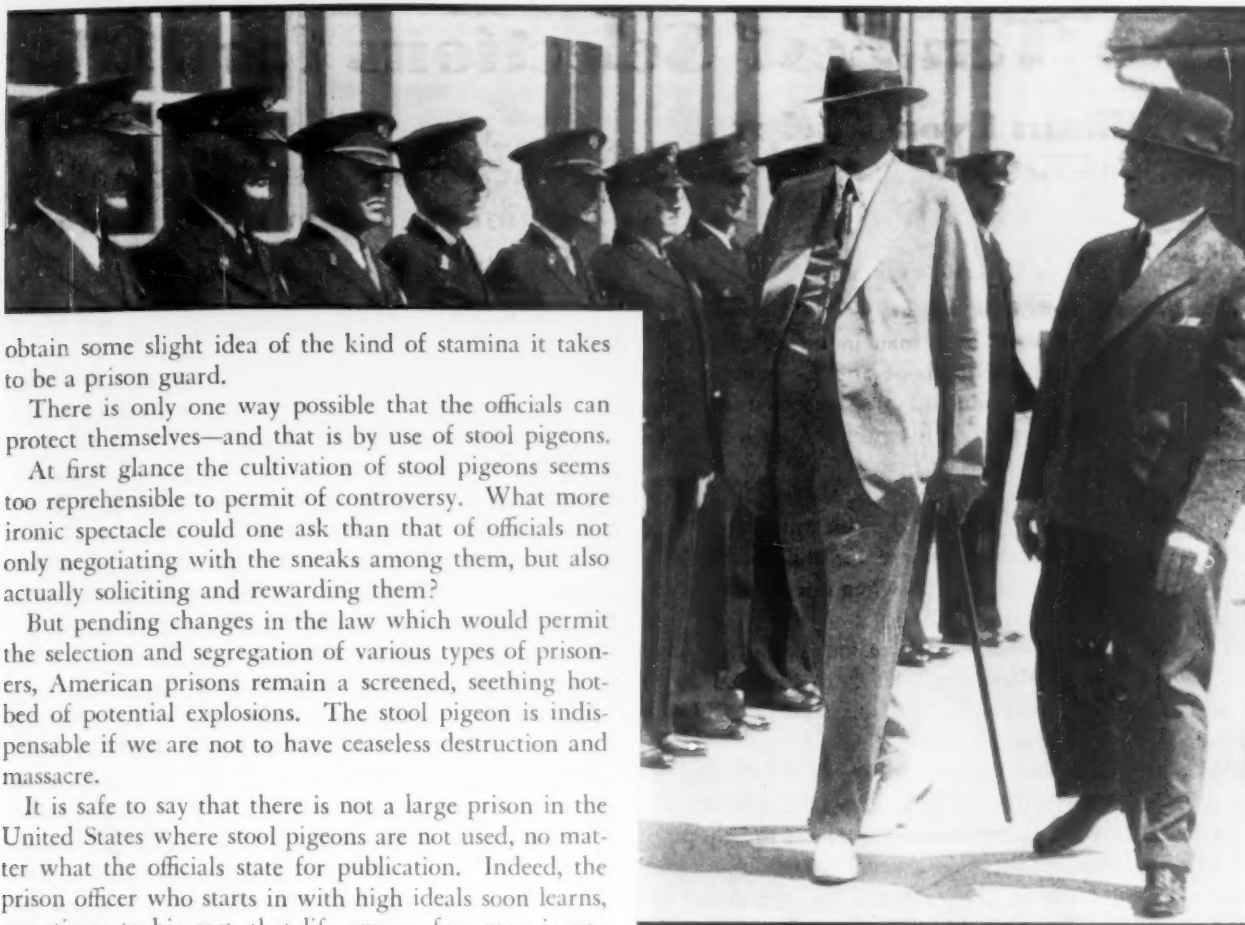
Constant risk tends to sharpen the sense of furtive suspicion, the aura of some dread, lurking danger, which are as much a part of every big penal institution as are the bars and bolts.

This atmosphere would make a gibbering nervous wreck out of anyone except the average stolid prison guard. Pile on top of it the various accidents—a fire or two in the shops; a short circuiting of the lights by some

prisoner sticking a screw driver or other piece of metal into a socket; knife fights between prisoners; “short counts” (which indicate that one or more prisoners have either escaped or are “hiding out” in the institution)—and one may



Famed Alcatraz Prison, in San Francisco Bay, often called “the U. S. Devil’s Island.” It houses many of the “public enemies,” including Al “Scarface” Capone. No convict has successfully eluded Alcatraz guards.



obtain some slight idea of the kind of stamina it takes to be a prison guard.

There is only one way possible that the officials can protect themselves—and that is by use of stool pigeons.

At first glance the cultivation of stool pigeons seems too reprehensible to permit of controversy. What more ironic spectacle could one ask than that of officials not only negotiating with the sneaks among them, but also actually soliciting and rewarding them?

But pending changes in the law which would permit the selection and segregation of various types of prisoners, American prisons remain a screened, seething hotbed of potential explosions. The stool pigeon is indispensable if we are not to have ceaseless destruction and massacre.

It is safe to say that there is not a large prison in the United States where stool pigeons are not used, no matter what the officials state for publication. Indeed, the prison officer who starts in with high ideals soon learns, sometimes to his cost, that life among free men is one thing and life in prison is quite another.

There was the case of a new and inexperienced deputy warden. He called the inmates together and told them that he hated a talebearer, that he was perfectly capable of running the institution without assistance from this species of vermin, and that the first man who attempted to tell him anything about another would be "kicked down the stairs of his office."

A few weeks later a prisoner sidled up to him in the yard of the institution and, out of the corner of his mouth, said, "If you'll look for an old piece of stovepipe in that building material down there near the wall, you'll find something interesting."

DID the deputy scorn him? He hurried down and found the piece of stovepipe. It contained 12 revolvers, 240 rounds of ammunition, dynamite, percussion caps, and fuse. When this deputy warden left the institution not very many years later, he had a fine assortment of "stools."

Instance after instance could be given in which stool pigeons have saved the lives of both officers and inmates. Of course, the utmost caution must be employed in the selection and handling of stool pigeons and in granting favors afterward. When one prisoner was selected to go on the prison farm to watch for smuggled weapons, he was instructed to "play sick." He began to cough at night until the prisoners around him complained. He then went to the doctor, who issued orders that he should

Guards at Alcatraz lined up for inspection by their "bosses"—U. S. Attorney General Cummings (left) and Warden James A. Johnston, a San Francisco Rotarian. Alcatraz was opened as a Federal penitentiary in 1934.

be placed in some open-air job. After the smuggled weapons were found, he remained on the farm for six months. At this time he was reexamined and found to be well enough to be brought in. He could not be rewarded openly, so the doctor suggested that he be given milk and eggs occasionally and that he be allowed out in the yard an hour or two daily.

Many stool pigeons are killed or are injured in prisons each year. It is the unwritten law of every penal institution that the guards must protect them as far as possible.

The tales of heroism "on the inside" would fill volumes: stories of guards who, threatened with death, hurled the keys through the bars so that the inmates could not take the keys off their dead bodies; of guards who, beaten unmercifully, held off their assailants until help came and thus prevented a getaway; of guards, in short, who in the daily routine have met dangers with a calm fortitude which gives one a thrill of pride at being a member of the human race—with all its faults.

These stories probably never will be told. For, after knowing intimately hundreds of prison guards, I doubt if there exist another class of men so modest. To them it is all a part of the day's work and they do it uncomplainingly, expecting no reward—and getting none.

Two 'Ten Best' Selections for 1937

By William Lyon Phelps

Educator, Author, and Reviewer

Fiction—

1. A MIGHTY FORTRESS, by Le Grand Cannon, Jr.

This is the first novel by a man in his 30's; and although both the name of the book and the name of the author have a military connotation (have you ever wondered, as I have, why *fortress* is feminine? It is in German, too.) the book itself has nothing to do with wars or rumors of wars. Apart from its interesting narrative, it gives good answers to two difficult questions: (1) What place of usefulness is there for dull preachers? (2) What is the best thing to do when one has made an unhappy and unsuccessful marriage?

The answers are as follows: The majority of preachers, political orators, lecturers, teachers, and writers are dull. They may not be dull personally, but their addresses and writings are dull.

Now let us suppose that a minister of the Gospel is wholly sincere; that he really believes the religion he preaches; that he is unselfish; that he wishes to help people to be happier and better; but that his sermons are not particularly interesting. Dr. Johnson said the ability to make a good speech was a *knack*; well, he has not got it. What place is there for him? This book will tell you.

Now for the second question. The easiest and worst answer is divorce. The most difficult and best answer is the one set forth in this novel. When Disraeli was asked, "What is the best thing to do when you find you are in a minority?" he replied, "Convert that into a majority as soon as possible."

2. NORTHWEST PASSAGE, by Kenneth Roberts.

There are serious faults in this historical romance. The second half is not so good as the first and is unduly prolonged. The scenes in London are conspicuously unsuccessful. But it is, on the whole, a good book; it ought to be read by Americans and most of them will enjoy reading it. The first half illuminates American colonial history, during and following the French and Indian War of 1754-60. Americans who read it will get a new and true idea of what their ancestors suffered, and what the country around Lake Champlain and along the Connecticut River in Vermont and New Hampshire looked like in the 18th Century. And not since Stevenson's *Kidnapped* have I read any novel where bodily *fatigue* was so realistically and dramatically portrayed.

3. EMMA, by Louis Paul.

This girl is as different from Jane Austen's Emma as can well be imagined. The Austen heroine, though we all love her, was a snob; and how she would have raised her eyebrows over her 20th Century namesake! Mr. Paul's story is of the present moment and of New York.

Wherein are listed outstanding fiction and nonfiction volumes for the year.... Continuing the monthly 'May I Suggest—' pages.

It opens with the queen's gambit. The energetic, healthy, cheerful, successful young American businessman comes home from work to the apartment; he loves his wife and she loves him; and there is no third person to annoy either of them. Yet she tells him she is going to leave him; his utter incredulity changes to amazement and then into anger; but she leaves him. Then follow her adventures in seeking a job. In the course of her struggles, she falls in with two other young women, and we have a situation like that of the Three Musketeers, only they are women and modern and city sparrows.

In reading this story, I came to believe that modern conditions—where suburban trains are crowded with women going to work—have made friendships between women as strong as those between men. Many skeptics have declared that unreserved and loyal friendships between women cannot exist; well, I think under Victorian conditions they were few and exceptional; but the conditions of contemporary life in cities have improved that particular situation; and everyone can see why.

4. THE DEVIL AND DANIEL WEBSTER, by Stephen Vincent Benét.

This appeared as a short story, I have been told, in *The Saturday Evening Post*, but the book publishers, shrewdly believing it had the marks of a classic, decided to issue it in a separate volume, a tremendous and deserved compliment. It seems to have some present-day implications, for it deals with Webster's speech of the seventh of March, 1850, called *For the Constitution and the Union*, in which Webster deliberately destroyed his own political future in order to preserve the United States. These political ideas, however, are not what make this story so remarkable. It is the exquisite art displayed in the construction of the tale, and in its harmonious literary style. It is one more instance—of which Faust is the chief—of a man making a compact with the devil; and although such a compact may seem legendary or medieval, it still happens somewhere every day.

5. SWORDS IN THE DAWN, by John Beaty.

This is a romance of the 5th Century A.D. But it gives the clearest and most lively account of what every English-speaking person ought to know. We learn in our early school days that a collection of Angles, Jutes, Danes, etc., came over the North Sea and took possession of some land in southeastern England and are there yet. But I think most of us have only the vaguest idea of these people: how they lived, how they fought, in what boats

they crossed that turbulent part of the ocean. This is a novel written by a scholar; he is as careful of his basic facts as he is of the form of his romance. Hence we learn how those rough tribes lived, ate, and slept, what armor and weapons they used, how they propelled their boats, and how advanced they were in social customs. I do not remember reading any novel for a good many years that has, in so pleasant and romantic a manner, given me the reliable information I have always wanted.

6. *EZEKIEL*, by *Elvira Garner*.

This is a story as short as that by Mr. Benét, and fully as charming. It is the best children's book I saw in 1937 and will make an ideal present. But persons of any age will delight in it. Ezekiel is an unforgettable little colored boy in Florida, and this is the tale of his individual and family life. The pictures are drawn by the author.

7. *JOHN CORNELIUS*, by *Sir Hugh Walpole*.

Here is a full-length, though not too long, novel by the expert hand which wrote *The Cathedral*, *The Green Mirror*, *The Old Ladies*, *Harmer John*, etc. It is so continuously entertaining as to make decidedly easy reading. But I am not quite sure of the aim of the author. It appears to me to be a defense of idealism, as if the chief character carried a standard which said: NO COMPROMISE WITH PRINCIPLES, but I am not sure I am right about this. Perhaps it would be a little closer to the truth to say that the story (unconsciously, no doubt) is an illustration of Browning's line, "A man's reach should exceed his grasp," for John Cornelius dies without having attained anything except fidelity to his conscience. Can it be that Sir Hugh, having attained so much success, wishes to tell us that success is not enough?

Two other points in the novel: one may amuse oneself by identifying some of the contemporary writers of Great Britain who appear under new names; and once more, as so often in this author's works, an old woman is more terrifying than an army with banners.

8. *LIGHT WOMAN*, by *Zona Gale*.

Zona Gale, Thornton Wilder, and Robert Nathan are the three American novelists who have mastered the art of writing brief novels that contain more human nature than many a long-winded leviathan. This short book contrasts the characters who live in a metropolitan fashionable penthouse with the wholesome family folk of Wisconsin. It is a powerful story.

9. *THE MISSING MINIATURE, OR THE ADVENTURES OF A SENSITIVE BUTCHER*, by *Erich Kästner*.

Another small one; and I enjoyed no other novel in 1937 more than this. This is effervescent humor with a crime plot. There are no murders, but there is a gang of jewel thieves that lends continuous excitement; and the characters of the story, the scenes, the play of conversation, are so full of mirth and wit that it is almost worth while having the flu so as to read this book during convalescence. I prescribe it for all who are depressed or sick in mind, body, and estate; and for all who are not.

10. *RUMBIN GALLERIES*, by *Booth Tarkington*.

Booth Tarkington, known to readers in every village, town, and city in America, is one of my favorite novelists; and he has never written a better novel than *Rumbin Galleries*. There are three characters in this book that no reader will ever forget: the art dealer, the streamlined secretary, and the young, sober-faced assistant. The leading character is an addition to contemporary literature. No one but a born novelist could have created him or could have made him so absolutely alive. His dialect alone is worth the price of admission to the Galleries. Humor abounds in this book from beginning to end, but there is a shrewd knowledge of human nature, a brilliance in the narrative style, and a skill in dialogue that show Booth Tarkington at his absolute best.

But there is something more than this. From this book I learned more definitely than ever before the tremendous *romance of business*. It is a fundamental error to assume that only explorers, adventurers, soldiers, and lovers are exponents of romance. There is an enormous amount of romance in commercial life, which has been immensely heightened since the year 1929. All business has become speculative and therefore fearfully exciting. In reading this book I felt all the way through that every person in the world engaged in buying and selling anything should find his career almost wildly romantic.

Nonfiction—

1. *LOOK ELEVEN YEARS YOUNGER*, by *Gelett Burgess*.

If this were an uplift book, or a cheerio book, or a Pollyanna book, or contained a short cut to wit and wisdom for everybody, I should not care to dwell upon it. But it deals with a fault or a limitation or a surrender all but universal, but which everyone may overcome. Of course, there is no particular reason why anyone should want merely to look younger; after all, why should one? But there is every reason why one should not fall into a dull routine, why one should not advertise oneself as no longer capable, why one should not close one's mind and live on stored-up ideas instead of acquiring a few new ones. The advice given here by Mr. Burgess, accompanied as it is by photographs that should produce conviction of sin, must be taken to heart; for I believe everyone over 30 can here learn something to his advantage. He tells us to beware of mannerisms and acquiescence; and his pictures of real people show how persons of 40 are already beginning to jell. Look out!

2. *LIFE WITH MOTHER*, by *Clarence Day*.

This is just as good as its famous predecessor; if you liked that, you will like this. And if you belong to that very small minority who did not like that, you must omit this. Clarence Day died at the height of his fame. He was fortunate not only in having such a father and mother, but also in having an extremely clever wife, for Katharine Day prepared this book from the notes left by her famous husband. Clarence loved his father and mother; they loved each other; they both loved their children. Never have I read family chronicles which

combined such completely sincere affection with such wit.

3. SHOWMAN, by William A. Brady.

This is not only a wildly exciting biography, but it affords powerful confirmation of what I have believed for many years—namely, that what keeps people alive and active is not a balanced diet, or regular sleep, or regular anything, or any primary care of their health. What keeps people alive is continual interest combined with steady activity. Such people, to quote the familiar phrase, seldom die and never resign.

4. PRESENT INDICATIVE, by Noel Coward.

Like several million others, I have always admired Noel Coward for his extraordinary versatility and dexterity; but my respect for him rose after I read this book. It seems *true* on every page; I believe he has united a desire to tell the truth with the ability to do so; and he has had more courage than I had believed he needed. Knowing little about his life, I had supposed he was one of fortune's favorites, who had enjoyed success from early years. In this book we learn that for a period of some months he lived in New York, 3,000 miles from home, without possessing even his fare in the subway. Flat, stony broke. That he survived this and disasters to his health, proves his undaunted courage, and shows once more that there is no royal road to success.

5. PUSHKIN, by E. J. Simmons.

One hundred years ago, the poet Pushkin was killed in a duel (his antagonist surviving until 1895). In his short life Pushkin had time to become Russia's greatest poet and most beloved writer. I have been waiting more than 20 years for this biography; it tells, for the first time in English, all the available facts about the man, about his contemporaries and environment, and, so far as is possible in another language, why his poetry is immortal. Pushkin was not a noble character; he was selfish and dissipated, running after women and frequently overtaking them. His only fine characteristic was his genius. I like this book because it is continuously interesting without ever being sensational.

6. BULWARK OF THE REPUBLIC, by Burton J. Hendrick.

Whether you believe in the Supreme Court as it was six months ago or do not believe in it at all, you will learn a good deal about its history and the history of the U. S. A. from this solid work of dispassionate scholarship. Mr. Hendrick is a professional biographer and historian; he knows what he is writing about. He refuses to write for effect, which is one reason why his writing is so effective. He has soberness of mind without heaviness; and a quiet irony salts his pages.

7. THE GONCOURT JOURNALS, translated and edited by Lewis Galantière.

I have enjoyed this book so intensely that I must include it among the Big Ten, even if it is caviar to the general. If you are interested in literature as an art; if you enjoy literary criticism of poetry, novels, and plays; if in particular you are interested in French literature of

the 19th Century, you will love this volume; but if your interests are elsewhere, which is nothing against your intelligence, though I am sorry, this book is not for you. These two brothers were absolutely French; they regarded literary art as more important than religion or morality; they had only a literary conscience, but that was as active in the field of literature as a New England conscience in the field of conduct. The famous figures of Paris, Zola, Dumas, Victor Hugo, Sainte-Beuve, Flaubert, Gautier, and others are as intimately brought before us as if we were dining with them. Mr. Galantière has not only made a splendid translation, but also his index at the back of the book is an invaluable history of the French literature of the 19th Century.

8. THE REST OF MY LIFE, by Carolyn Wells.

Here is an autobiography that actually looks forward! Carolyn Wells has always been original and undaunted; hence the attitude in this charming book. I myself believe there is a way of testing whether one has grown old or not. This: if when alone, one's thoughts are more taken up with the past than with the present or the future, then one has grown old. And so one need never grow old. Carolyn never will. Her wonderful wit and humor enliven these pages; her acquaintances and her experiences are presented with vivacity.

9. PAGES FROM AN OXFORD DIARY, by Paul Elmer More.

Paul Elmer More, who died in 1937, was one of the greatest scholars and most profound philosophers in the world. He would have been an ornament to any university or learned society; but he chose to be an independent thinker and writer. And although he did for a time teach Sanskrit and could have taught Greek or Latin anywhere and metaphysics and philosophy and early church history, he also wrote books on contemporary novelists and was awake and vitally interested in modern movements. Toward the close of his life he wrote three little books which are of importance to thinking men and women. *The Sceptical Approach to Religion* is the best exposition I have ever seen of how far a man can believe in religion without revelation or the element of mysticism; *On Being Human* is a discussion of modern writers, especially of Joyce's *Ulysses* and of Marcel Proust; and this one, *Pages*, for which he corrected the proofs on his deathbed, is his final word on Christian faith. Do you like to use your mind as an athlete loves to use his body? Try it on these.

10. THE CRUISE OF THE JOSEPH CONRAD, by Alan Villiers.

The Australian Alan Villiers is a deep-water sailor who has repeatedly been round the Horn, but who is also a literary artist and innately a gentleman. In this book he describes (with abundant pictures) how he took a crew of boys about 15 years old as the crew of his sailing ship, how he took them entirely around the world, and how he brought every one of them back. He loves sailing ships; he loves the ocean; and I honestly believe no better fate could happen to a boy of 15 than to sail with him.

Radio Rescues the Musical Amateur



Photos: National Broadcasting Co.

By Doron K. Antrím

Editor, The Metronome

IMAGINE, if you can, a symphony orchestra of 100,000 players. There isn't a building in the world capable of housing so many people. And if there were, when they all played at once, what with acoustical difficulties, the effect would be a bit overwhelming. But an orchestra of such proportions actually exists. Musicians follow the beat of one conductor and play the same pieces simultaneously. Instead of being assembled in one place, however, they are in their own homes, in schools and auditoriums scattered from coast to coast, in ships at sea or in remote ports. This seemingly impossible undertaking has been brought about through radio.

Or, again, imagine a music class made up of more than 200,000 beginners, all learning to sing and play their first tunes under the guidance of one lone, harried teacher. That, too, would be impossible, not to say indescribable, under one roof. Yet such a class is also very much in evidence today. The pupils are likewise scattered far and wide, but are brought together for their weekly lesson through the magic of radio.

"Blow hard, son!" urges Dr. Joseph E. Maddy, conductor of the Fun in Music program broadcast every week. Hundreds of thousands of youngsters and oldsters now go to "music school"—but at home, via radio.

There seems to be little excuse now for anyone in North America who has a desire to play an instrument not to do so, or not to continue playing if he already knows how. In the latter instance, the Home Symphony invites you to sit in. If you can't play, Fun in Music offers you lessons—just choose your instrument. Your only expense is for the instrument and the instruction or part books which are issued at cost.

Both programs are network offerings of the National Broadcasting Company,* and are based on the assumption that there is more thrill in playing music than in listening to it, especially "when good fellows get together." Therefore they have the common purpose of stimulating more amateur music making. Mindful also of the criticism that radio has given the musical amateur a body blow because it has made music too easy of access,

* Fun in Music for beginners—Tuesdays, 2 P. M., E.S.T.—NBC red network. Home Symphony for those who can play—Consult radio listings in daily papers.

these programs are an attempt to "bring him back alive." Here's how it has been brought about.

The dynamic little professor who heads the world's largest music "class" is Dr. Joseph E. Maddy, professor of music at the University of Michigan and president of the Music Educators National Conference. Early in his career as itinerant salesman, saxophonist, and music teacher, "Joe" Maddy got hold of an idea that has driven him relentlessly ever since. He believed that instrumental music should be taught in school along with the three "R's," that bands and orchestras should be formed and real talent given a chance. Therefore he organized the first school symphony orchestra some 18 years ago in Richmond, Indiana. And just to prove to other educators that such a thing was possible, he helped the members raise the fare from fellow townsmen to take them to the National Super-visors Conference at Nashville, Tennessee, where they performed. There were few bands and orchestras in schools then. It is estimated that there are now 2 million school children playing in such organizations, and Joe Maddy set this ball rolling.

In 1927, Dr. Maddy had another "crazy" idea: that talented youngsters from schools all over the United States should have an opportunity to get together during the Summer months for intensive study at some secluded spot in the woods. The problems and expenses of such an undertaking were overwhelming, but that dream was also realized. The National Music Camp at Interlochen, Michigan, is now an established institution.

I mention these preliminary skirmishes of Maddy's merely to indicate that such a problem as music lessons via radio held no terrors for him. Eight years ago he proposed to his local broadcasting station that he be permitted to teach youngsters to play band instruments by means of this new medium of sound transmission. Slightly skeptical, but willing to feel out the idea, the station authorities agreed to coöperate for a short time, the continuation to depend on tangible results.

DR. MADDY prepared some simple instruction books available at cost and began his programs. His music lessons, as a result, have been on the air ever since except during Summer vacations. Last year NBC made them available to the nation through its coast-to-coast red network. This season more instruments were added to take in all those playable in more than one key, including the piano, wind group, brassy, strings, everything, even the chromatic harmonica and bells. New instruction books have been issued and participants are variously estimated at from 200,000 to 500,000.

Dr. Maddy's main objective is to show how easy and painless it is to get started, particularly for those who might not have a teacher handy nor the ready money. He believed a number of these people would take this first hurdle if the lessons would cost them nothing and if the teacher did not reprove them for "blue" notes or failure to practice. He was also mindful of the fact that

he would have to hold the interest of his charges every minute or else they would give up the idea.

As a result, he teaches the "class" to play pieces from the start. There are 40 of them in the book to be had from NBC (for 50 cents), including *America, Home on the Range, My Spanish Guitar*. Every selection contains words and music; instructions are set in rhyme and sung. Correct and incorrect playing positions and fingerings are illustrated.

With this book before him and instrument in hand, the radio student tunes in the program and is ready for the lesson. The book tells him how to sing, then finger

and produce the tone coming from the loud speaker. He tries for this and other tones and is finally ready for a tune which he plays along with the studio orchestra. If interested, he will continue, with some practice between times, until he can play all the tunes—at which point Dr. Maddy gives him his blessing with the hope that he will want to go ahead

with a private teacher and, perhaps, play in a local band.

Dr. Maddy usually broadcasts from various cities during the season, at which times student groups take part, with solos from the best of the group. Last season a number of talented soloists who had received their only instruction via radio were heard on these programs. Also, a number of bands and orchestras were started.

Grand Ledge, Michigan, had no school band until 18 students one day brought what instruments they could gather to the radio lesson. Twelve weeks later the band, grown to 40 members, gave a public concert, were uniformed, and a director was engaged for the next year.

In October, 1936, Mendota, California, started a school band by radio. Last March the entire band of 21, with their proud parents, travelled to San Francisco, more than 100 miles away, to participate in the Maddy class broadcast in that city.

Enthusiasm for these lessons is particularly high in rural sections. Arenac County, Michigan, had no music in any of its schools until one tried radio lessons. Within a year, the county had employed eight full-time music teachers, and every school in the county of more than one room had music classes, all stimulated by radio.

Farwell, Michigan, with a population of less than 500, began taking music lessons by air a year ago. Now the school has two orchestras and a band, with two-thirds of the school membership playing in music organizations. In Michigan alone, this course has become an integral part of the curriculum of over 300 schools with 30,000 students enrolled. Rotary Clubs have helped sponsor several of these bands, notably at Grand Ledge and Reading.

Hundreds of Canadian schools started radio classes last year and now report the formation of bands and



the employment of instructors to carry on the work. All of which sums up Dr. Maddy's philosophy: to get things started, give the beginner that initial shove so he can soon keep going under his own steam.

Somehow I had the idea that these lessons were primarily for youngsters, but *no!* Actually more adults than children are learning. In fact, Dr. Maddy tells me, they generally get along better than children because of their more mature understanding.

"They take their lessons at home, in the office, anywhere," Dr. Maddy went on, "but generally shroud them in dark secrecy. They write me that they have always had a hankering to play a cornet or cello, but just can't bring themselves around to carrying an instrument case through town on the way to a music lesson. One high official of General Motors Corporation said he took violin lessons from me by radio in his private office, shooing out the office help and locking the door."

If you, Gentle Reader, are an adult whose yearning to play has never been stilled, just choose your instrument, write in for your book, and begin. It's as simple as that.

On the other hand, if you are one who once played in the school or town band but have grown away from it, your fiddle, flute, or tuba collecting dust in the attic for years, the Home Symphony Orchestra is your "apple." In this program, Ernest La Prade has the unique distinction of leading his far-flung cohorts weekly in works of Mozart, Beethoven, Haydn, and others. Mr. La Prade, who will be remembered as the author of *Alice in Orchestralia*, got his idea of a home symphony orchestra from letters requesting that symphony programs be published in advance so that home players could secure the parts and play along with them. It was never possible to comply with this request, since programs are not cleared until almost the date of broadcast. But after letters began coming in in increasing volume, Mr. La Prade concluded that there must be a considerable number of such players.

Accordingly, the Home Symphony was launched in the Fall of 1936, musical numbers being selected to cover the entire season and part books of the series published at a small cost. As a result, many of the 325,000 trained musicians being graduated annually from high schools in the United States have a follow-up, and there has been a nation-wide still hunt for old fiddles *et al.* long since laid away.

Mr. La Prade's broadcast technique is, first, to sound the "A" for tuning purposes, give some explanatory remarks about the number to be played, tick off a few measures with a metronome to establish the tempo, and then they're off—paced by a good-sized studio orchestra.

A common criticism during the first year was that selections were too difficult for amateur rendition. Yet invariably when players were asked for request programs, most votes went to the two toughest works in the whole lot—Haydn's *Military Symphony* and Mozart's *G-Minor*. Some other surprises were noted in the proportion of instruments played. As was expected, first violins were

first in number. Second violins were not far behind, despite the impression that few want to play second fiddle. Flutes and pianos were high on the list.

The thrill of ensemble playing is not confined to one player, although one is entirely self-sufficient. There may be any number of players and frequently are. Groups are getting together in homes, schools, even rented auditoriums, and often there is a miniature orchestra in session. In such groups one of the number is usually delegated as leader, and players thus have the advantage of following a visible beat. A number of independent orchestras grew from such beginnings, as did that of Carroll County, Maryland, from seven to 40 members, now giving regular concerts.

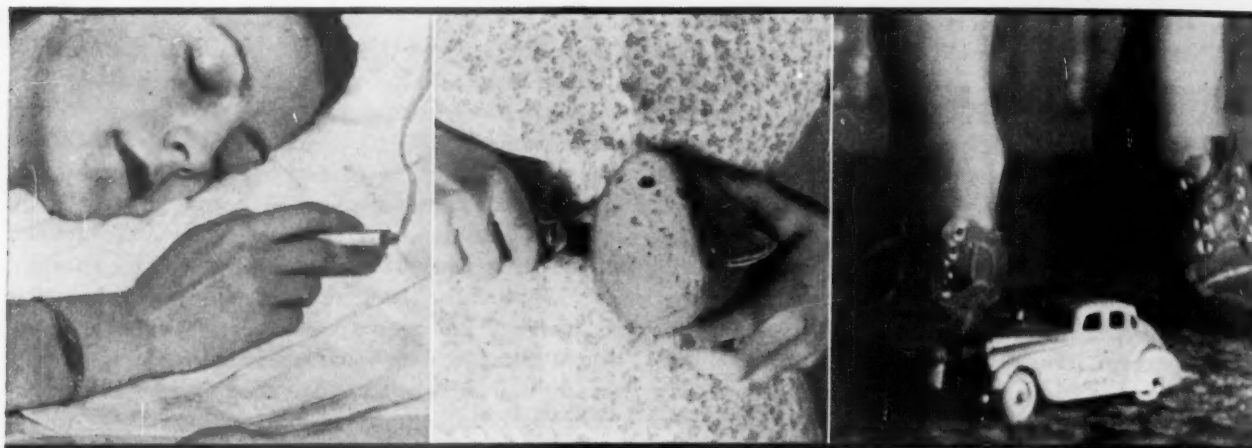
THIS program has brought a strange assortment of letters from otherwise lonely people—naval officers, CCC camps, Salvation Army posts, mothers, fathers, children. Writes a 10-year-old boy from Spotswood, New Jersey, convalescing in a plaster cast from a hip injury: "I am still able to practice my B-Flat cornet, and your symphonies are the bright spot of the week for me." A travelling salesman from Branchville, South Carolina, stops his car wherever he happens to be when program is due, tunes in, and follows through with his flute. A 77-year-old who related that he had played first violin under every important radio conductor in the past ten years, is taking lessons again. A Chicago lawyer put away his golf clubs and got out his cello. A string bass player of Nova Scotia overhauled his long-disused "dog house," tuned in on the program, practiced up, and got a job in a hotel ensemble. A woman, 84, of Princeton, New Jersey, plays drums and claims, with vigor, that such playing is great to ward off colds. A Pittsburgh mother of four children said, "I have a family orchestra started as a result of your program and it is the best move I have ever made to keep the children in at night."



Mr. La Prade appends a few hints for best results. Get a repairman, he says, to look over an instrument long unused and put it in shape; if a piano, have it tuned to "A 440." Tune in the program loud enough to hear the studio orchestra above your own instrument. If you have difficulty getting the program over long wave, try short. Get a tuning fork at "A 440," which costs but a few cents, and tune up before the program starts. Some have complained of getting lost in the score. When there is more than one participant, a conductor will obviate that difficulty. To simplify the finding of places during a program, insert markers beforehand.

I have heard scores of people say, "What I would give if I could only play an instrument!" or, "If I just had the chance to keep up my music!"

If you are one of these, radio is now calling your bluff.



Photos: (1) National Safety Council; (2 and 3) Henryk

Home, Lethal Home

By Richard E. Vernor

Mgr., Fire Prevention Dept., Western Actuarial Bureau

THE green traffic light flashes. You start across the street, then halt suddenly as a taxicab makes a right turn four inches from your toes.

Another start. A truck grinds to a halt two feet from your trouser leg. . . . That's over.

To your own sedan now, and into the stream of weaving, honking traffic. Once you put all your pressure on the brakes to avoid hitting a coupé which failed to halt for a stop sign. Farther on, a roadster darts from a driveway. You swing to the left as you apply the brakes, then step on the gas and swerve from the path of a car coming from the opposite direction.

Home at last. You lock the automobile, pick up the afternoon paper on your way to the house. Once more you've achieved the safety of home. But *are* you safe?

Statistically speaking, you were safer out there in the mad rush of motor traffic. The traffic massacre took 37,800 lives in 1936. But in the "safety" of the home, 38,500 died in accidents.

Put it another way. There were about 111,000 fatal accidents in the United States in 1936. Thirty-four percent of them were caused by motor vehicles. Thirty-five percent were caused by home accidents. Reports of the National Safety Council, a nonprofit association interested solely in the prevention of all kinds of accidents, indicate further that occupational deaths are only one-half as great as fatalities caused by home accidents.

Not all injuries, of course, result in death. Nonfatal accidents in the home in 1936 injured an estimated 5,620,000 persons.

One who was not seriously injured was a lineman for a power company. The hazards of his job behind him for a day, he arrived home to find his wife trying vainly to pry open a window in their apartment. The lineman took over the job. After he gave it one mighty pull, the

It's startling but true! You're safer — statistically speaking — dodging highway traffic than in the bosom of your own household.

window flew up and the lineman flew out—diving three stories into a snowbank.

A Gary, Indiana, woman tried to duplicate this trick in Summertime. Getting out of the bath tub, she slipped on a piece of soap. As she scrambled to regain her balance near the open window, she bounced out. Two floors below she landed, not seriously injured, in a sandpile.

And for escapes, there's that news story about the Los Angeles, California, youth who tried to commit suicide. He sealed the room, turned on the gas, and, as his final gesture, lit a cigaret. He was blown to safety!

But 38,500 persons in 1936 were not so lucky. There was the man, for instance, who set about to fix a frozen water pipe. He put a gasoline blowtorch to the "water pipe"—really a gas line. He was killed instantly.

Federal relief workers under the supervision of the National Safety Council recently completed the most intensive study so far made of home accidents. Using records of the Cook County Hospital in Chicago, 4,602 home accidents were thoroughly investigated.

The kitchen is the most dangerous room in the house, this research showed. Eighteen percent of the accidents studied occurred there, many of them to children. Poor connections on the gas stove, overheating or the use of kerosene in coal ranges, gas escaping when a boiling pot has extinguished a flame, stove petcocks without safety catches turned on by children, accidents while frying foods in deep fat—these are common kitchen hazards.

Puddles of water or grease and pieces of fruit lying on the floor frequently cause serious injuries in falling.

Pans on the stove should always have their handles turned in so children cannot reach them. Babies sometimes pull a tablecloth until a coffeepot perched on the



Photos: (1) American Red Cross; (2 and 3) National Safety Council

corner of the table pours its scalding contents over them.

In taking the top off a roaster or kettle, one should lift the far side first so that the face will not be burned by a burst of steam. French fries are delicious, but unless the potatoes are thoroughly dried before they are immersed in fat, mother may be absent at mealtime.

A young woman recently started out of doors with her baby on one arm and a small rug and carpet beater under the other. She did not see the baseball bat and glove on the second porch step. As she fell, she managed to land the baby with no more than a hard bounce on the grass beyond the sidewalk. The woman lay sprawled, temporarily stunned, as the baby rolled down a short incline and into a shallow fishpond. Had a neighbor not been looking, the baby would have drowned.

What was wrong? It is dangerous *under any circumstances* to walk on stairs with both arms loaded, especially when one arm carries such a precious bundle as a child. Stairs should never be cluttered.

More accidents occur on steps than anywhere else in the home. Steep stairways, especially if the treads are highly polished or if the runners are frayed, are extremely dangerous. So are cellar steps without handrails, or if they are poorly lighted. Many serious falls occur from the bottom step, the descender believing he has reached his destination. Painting the floor a brilliant white will help.

IF THE cases studied from Cook County Hospital records, it was found that one in four injured in the home fell down stairs inside or outside the house. Falls, including those from rickety stepladders or weak chairs used in place of ladders, and from slipping on floors and in bathtubs, caused by far more than half the deaths and serious injuries. Scatter-rugs on polished floors cause many accidents. Such rugs should have nonslip anchors under them.

Household disorder is just as physically dangerous as it is psychologically disturbing. About one in six of the accidents leading to injury or death in the home is directly attributable to it, according to the Hospital study. Brooms on stairways, broken glass on the bathroom floor, and sharp edges of scattered toys do not begin to list the possibilities for injury due to neglect. I recently read that Mrs. K. M. Landis, wife of the baseball commissioner,

fractured her arm when she slipped over a golf bag in her home. "Hereafter," said Mrs. Landis, "I shall have to keep a caddy around the house." On the next page was a picture of a 2-year-old child. A hook from a curtain stretcher had been removed from her throat.

Even the bedroom is the scene of many home accidents. A surprising number of children fall out of bed. Pillows, put into cribs for decorative purposes, have been known to suffocate babies. Old people sometimes get out of bed in the dark, stumble on a chair or rug, and suffer broken bones. One should never go to sleep with an electric heating pad turned on.

THE combined shower and tub bath, though convenient in a small house, is the cause of many accidents. The tub alone is hazardous enough when there is no firm handrail above it. And keep the soap in a container!

A young woman, suffering with a headache, recently reached for an aspirin bottle in the dark of the bathroom. The medicine chest contained also bichloride of mercury tablets. The woman's hand came upon them. She swallowed two, and died.

Medicants should never be sought out or administered in the dark. Poisons, if they must be kept in anything but a separate, locked container, should be plainly marked. A pin stuck through the cork will often serve as a warning. The medicine chest should, of course, always be out of reach of children.

The bathroom is also a dangerous place in which to operate electric appliances. One's body may easily touch a faucet and a faulty electric cord at the same time, grounding the current. Worn pull-cords are dangerous.

Surprisingly, a greater number of home accidents happen to men than to women, according to the Hospital survey. But the statistics seem more alarming than they actually are. Although more accidents occur there, people spend a great deal more time in the home than they do as pedestrians or automobile drivers.

Protection from fire hazards, orderliness, timely repairing, using tools and instruments for their intended purposes, a willingness to dispose of worn-out appliances, and a little commonsense—every household needs these things. With them, the home remains the sanctuary we always believed it to be.

Illustrations by
William C. Griffith

*"Halfway to 90 brings more than introspection.
... To me it is the glamorous forties, rich
in the romance and expectancy of living. ..."*

Halfway to Ninety

By William F. McDermott

FORTY-FIVE years old. Halfway to 90. Probably I should feel depressed, but I am exactly the opposite. It may be my contrary nature or just a self-defense complex. But the fact remains.

One of those cheerfully disquieting persons called an insurance agent has just called upon me. Just before every birthday he sends me one of those beautiful cards the company furnishes him in bulk. Then the day after my anniversary he calls and with ill-concealed glee informs me death is approaching.

"Look here, Mac!" he assaulted me verbally not long ago. "You are getting old. Insurance rates mount rapidly from now on." (He has sung the same song to me since he called me 20 years ago after "locating" me through a marriage license notice in the newspaper.) "See this column of mortality statistics of men above 45. And remember your happy family. What will happen to them if your heart suddenly stops beating, or a reckless driver crushes you when you aren't looking, or ..."

Wearily, wearily I acknowledged defeat and signed for another policy. But with his departure, my spirits began to recover their accustomed exuberancy. Then a doctor told me physical deterioration sets in at 26, and if we don't give ourselves a "new deal" physically, life begins to end at 40.



In the midway of our mortal life we can profit by pausing to view in our mind's eye what has gone before and what is yet to come.

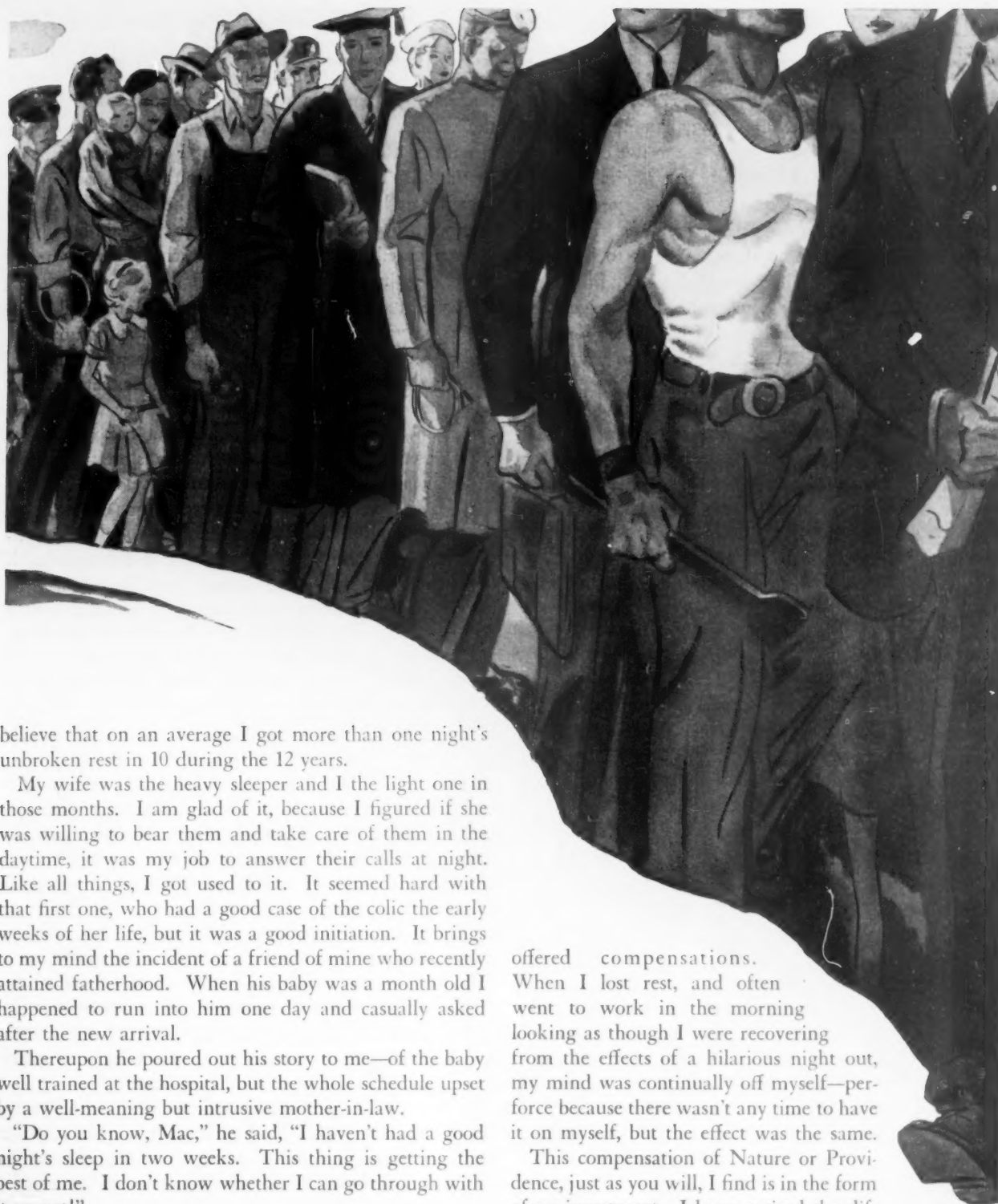
Yet in spite of it, I cannot acquire that sense of impending doom which is supposed to come in this swift era when the deadline of 45 has been reached. It may be that I have been fortunate enough not to have been jobless. But I think more than that is involved.

In the first place, I have always had fair health, although I never was an athlete. On the farm I learned to eat and sleep with regularity, habits which I have always rigorously maintained. There is no social event which will entice me, unless it be a matter of duty, if I am tired and need rest. I have never learned to survive on a diet of salads and dainties. To me, breakfast still means bacon and eggs, or wheat cakes and maple sirup. Similarly, luncheon and dinner must be of substantial food.

I think being the father of a brood of children has done more to keep me young in spirit, at least, than any other thing. I do not disguise the fact that it is more than a chore to rear a flock of youngsters nowadays. In the old days on the farm, they, like Topsy, just more or less "grewed." Now, in the artificial city environment, it takes the care of raising hothouse plants to bring them up with even an ordinary chance at life.

Five of these little folks arrived to bless us and cheer us in the space of 12 years. Hectic years, they were, too. No disguising that fact. The oldest is now 16, the youngest five, and they are far enough along for me to look back at those years with calmness and clarity. I don't





believe that on an average I got more than one night's unbroken rest in 10 during the 12 years.

My wife was the heavy sleeper and I the light one in those months. I am glad of it, because I figured if she was willing to bear them and take care of them in the daytime, it was my job to answer their calls at night. Like all things, I got used to it. It seemed hard with that first one, who had a good case of the colic the early weeks of her life, but it was a good initiation. It brings to my mind the incident of a friend of mine who recently attained fatherhood. When his baby was a month old I happened to run into him one day and casually asked after the new arrival.

Thereupon he poured out his story to me—of the baby well trained at the hospital, but the whole schedule upset by a well-meaning but intrusive mother-in-law.

"Do you know, Mac," he said, "I haven't had a good night's sleep in two weeks. This thing is getting the best of me. I don't know whether I can go through with it or not!"

That, of course, was not only mirth but joy to me. I felt exultant because I had finally conquered in the battle he was now fully engaged in. I handed him a bit of banter, asking what he figured on doing and whether he thought he could quit a baby like he might quit a disagreeable newspaper job. Then I assured him with glee that it was just what he needed. I told him it would make a man out of him. Incidentally, that is just what it did.

But to get back to my own story. I found that Nature

offered compensations.

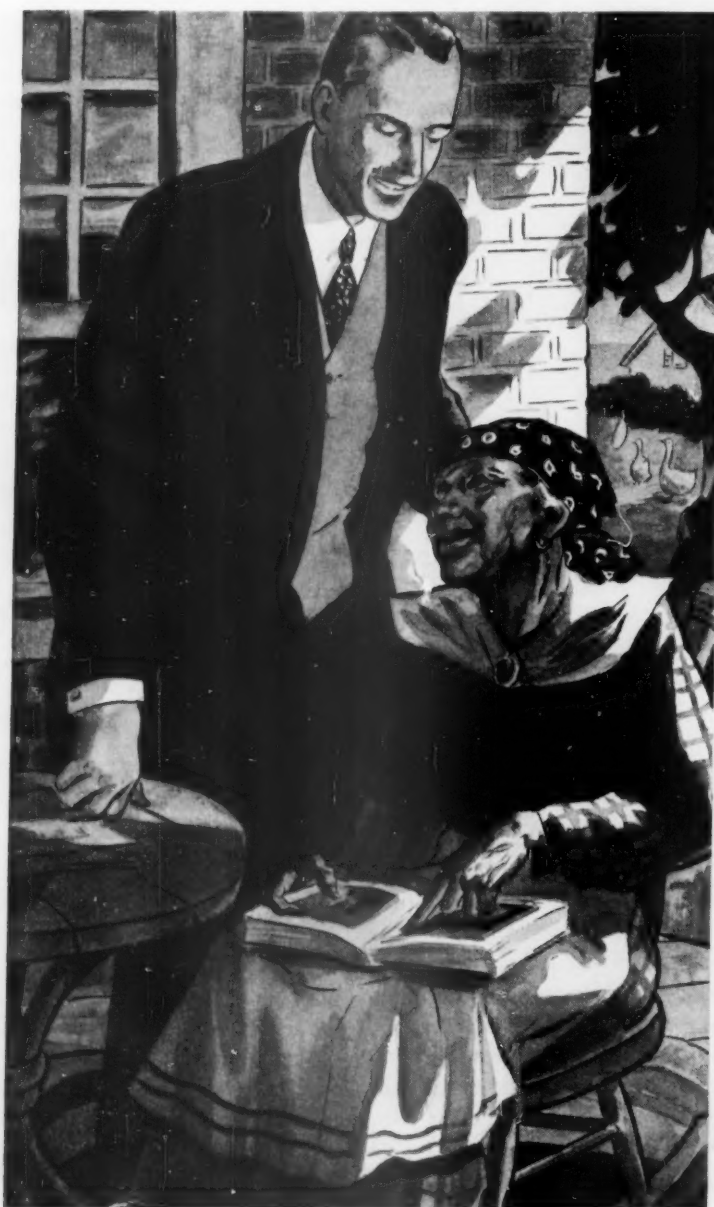
When I lost rest, and often went to work in the morning looking as though I were recovering from the effects of a hilarious night out, my mind was continually off myself—perforce because there wasn't any time to have it on myself, but the effect was the same.

This compensation of Nature or Providence, just as you will, I find is in the form of an investment. I have noticed the difference in manner of growing old between those who have children to occupy their minds and who afford an object for an expulsive affection and those who become self-centered because they have no progeny on which to lavish their devotion. Childlessness, I am sure, often conduces to an ingrowing disposition and to self-coddling which is the forerunner of an early senility. I may be wrong. But even if not having children does not lead one to an egocentric nature or attitude, having children does at least bring the person growing older into contact

with youth, which certainly has an invigorating effect.

Our home has the open door for the children of the neighborhood, and those that pour in range all the way from the self-conscious (yes, there are some left) adolescent youth who come a-courting our daughters of high-school age (what a "kick" it gives one to live over again those glamorous days of the first love affairs!) to the roistering youngsters of kindergarten classification who come over to help our 5-year-old lift the roof.

I have two jobs, perhaps three. One is to keep the home going, the other to keep out of the way of the kids. The third is to tell them where "to head in," when they need it. But do I get a thrill out of it! Those sleepless harried nights have lost their horror, and to watch the husky youngsters grow is to feel oneself a part of the creative scheme. There isn't any more lasting satisfaction than that. The youngsters keep me young, and I fully anticipate in the course of time the grandchildren will continue the process of making me forget my arteries.



Halfway to 90, however, brings more than retrospection. It is a sign of old age to be dwelling in the past, and I refer to it only in explanation of my honest feeling that I am living in my golden age. They call it the fast and furious forties, a sort of last fling before the curtain of dissolution rings down. I cannot subscribe to that at all. To me it is the glamorous forties, rich in the romance and expectancy of living, the forerunner of the glorious fifties when I hope to achieve my real life's work, uninterrupted by domestic cares which the early years of fatherhood inevitably bring.

I have attained, I believe, a reasonable and well-based optimism which will keep me young in spirit until the end of my days. It is not primarily on a physical basis, although that enters in. I shall, of course, eat sensibly, have periodic physical examinations, follow the doctor's orders in all things, get reasonable but noncompetitive exercise, endeavor to keep calm—which is pretty hard for my impulsive disposition—and secure ample rest.

That is about as far as I shall go. I absolutely refuse to make a cult of the body. Anyone is welcome to know my age. I am neither flattered if they tell me I look younger than I am, nor am I depressed if they estimate my age beyond what it is. I know physical resistance decreases as the years go by. I accept it as an inevitable fact and refuse to worry about it. I will do the best I can by myself, and trust the future to bring what it may. I accept the hazards, I hope, with entirely good grace and calm philosophy.

Nor will I worry about that other material element of danger—penury. I participate in the Government social-security program—and a pension system is in vogue where I now work. It is not entirely to be relied upon. Many pension systems have fallen by the wayside. I may be discharged long before the retirement age of 65. I have saved little or nothing. That ordinarily would be a cause for self-censure. But when I look at the devastating loss of life savings all about me, very little of which has been through the recklessness of the savers or investors, I am inclined to be resigned to my own improvidence.

At least I have been spared the agony of losing, and the investment I have made in good food for the children and in current expense in order to maintain what I believed to be a standard of adequate living has at least blessed my offspring with sturdiness and vitality. Somehow or other, I cannot feel sorry that things have turned out substantially as they are. I know that I have spent little and wasted none on myself, and there is some compensatory satisfaction in that.

I have no expectancy but of work ahead of me, and I am glad of it. It [Continued on page 61]

"I gave to Old Mary what she most wanted: a Bible with colored pictures—she could neither read nor write—and a plug of chewing tobacco."



A VISIT to the home of Rotary Club No. 2 and the region of the world where Rotary began its spread is the treat in store for those Rotarians who are so fortunate as to be able to attend the 29th annual Convention of Rotary International, San Francisco, California, U. S. A., June 19-24, 1938.

It was the Rotary Club of San Francisco that extended Rotary just across the Bay where the Oakland Club became Club No. 3; and to Seattle, Washington, Club No. 4; and to Los Angeles, California, Club No. 5. Surely Rotarians everywhere will want to meet the men who caught up the idea and the ideal of Rotary and gave the movement its basis for growth.

But the 29th annual Convention of Rotary International offers more than this. The setting for the 1938 Convention is an ideal one. The color of San Francisco and its immediate environs borders on to that of the Orient; while its commerce, its manufacturing, its agriculture, its shipping, and its great engineering feats present a great panorama of New World industry and ingenuity.

The scenic beauty of the entire western part of North America portraying the grandeur of Nature in many forms, the great landmarks of Old World religion, and the great motion-picture industry should attract Rotarians from abroad. The fact that those who attend this year's Convention will have an opportunity to visit this entire region should in itself prove to be sufficient inspiration to warrant the presence of a great host of Rotarians. Business conditions being as satisfactory as they are should make it possible for great throngs of Rotarians and their ladies from throughout North and South America to attend.

Rotarians of California and the entire Pacific Coast of North America are proud of the contribution they have made and are making to Rotary. They are proud of their fine homes, their beautiful cities, and their great industries. They are making extensive and elaborate plans to greet, mingle with, and entertain more than 10,000 Rotarians from all over the world, who, it is an-

ticipated, will attend the 29th annual Convention of Rotary International.

The Convention offers us an opportunity to weigh again the Objects of Rotary and to stress again the application of the Ideal of Service. There was never a greater need nor a greater opportunity to consider the position which Rotary holds in the bringing about of intellectual and moral coöperation among the different countries of the world than at the very moment when this coöperation appears to be forgotten—indeed, rejected—by many Governments.

It will be a refreshing experience for Rotarians everywhere to meet together in the country where the fruition of the Community and Vocational Service Objects of Rotary has been greatest. Attendance at this Convention means the dissemination of a greater knowledge of Rotary among all of us.

It is my official duty, and, as well, a very great pleasure for me, to issue this, the Official Call, for the 29th annual Convention of Rotary International, to be held June 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, and 24, 1938, in San Francisco, California, U. S. A.

Each Rotary Club is entitled to one or more official voting delegates. As a Rotarian is expected to attend Club meetings, so Clubs are expected to be represented at annual Conventions. Article VI of the by-laws of Rotary International gives full information as to the rights and responsibilities of a Club with reference to the annual Convention, delegates, alternates, proxies, credentials, registration fees, etc., and Article VIII gives information regarding hotel arrangements.

I, therefore, join with the Rotary Club of San Francisco and Rotarians of the entire Pacific Coast of North America in extending this invitation and in urging the attendance not only of official delegates, but of Rotarians everywhere and their ladies at the San Francisco Convention.

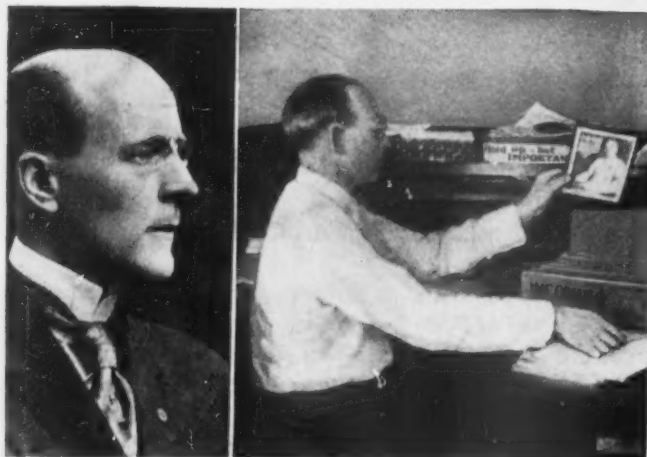
ISSUED THIS FIRST DAY OF
JANUARY, 1938, A.D., AT
PARIS, FRANCE.

H. Dufour

President, Rotary International



About Your Magazine—



It was in 1910: Paul P. Harris (above), Chicago lawyer who in 1905 had started this thing called Rotary, wrote a treatise, titled it "Rational Rotarianism."

He laid it on the roll-top desk of Chesley R. Perry, then as now Rotary's one and only Secretary. "I would like," said Paul, "to have it sent to all Rotarians." Ches agreed. "We'll have it typed—no, printing will be cheaper..."



And printed it was... boldly, in a 12-page newspaper dated January, 1911, styled "Vol. I, No. 1" of THE NATIONAL ROTARIAN. Ches edited it and every ROTARIAN until 1928, when...



Vivian Carter, English Rotarian and journalist, succeeded him... The 1911 Convention at Portland, Oregon, converted the erstwhile newspaper into a magazine, and it had long since become a lusty publication when in 1930 the Chicago Convention (above) authorized the Board of Directors to delegate its supervision to a five-man Magazine Committee.

And here are the men who have served on it—freely giving of time and professional skill:

(1) Clinton P. Anderson (chairman, 1930-32, U. S. A.); (2) W. de Cock Buning (1930-31, The Netherlands); (3) Walter F. Dunlap (chairman—member, 1930-36, U. S. A.); (4) Smith L. P. Free (1930-31, New Zealand); (5) Harrison E. Howe (1930-37, U. S. A.); (6) Johannes Martens (1931-32, Norway); (7) Luis Machado (1931-32, Cuba); (8) Ernesto J. Aguilar (1932-33, Mexico); (9) Wilfrid Andrews (1932-33, England); (10) Arthur M. Lockhart (1932-35, U. S. A.); (11) Victor M. Echeverria (1933-34, Colombia); (12) Herbert Schofield (1933-34, England); (13) Maurice Duperrey (1934-35, France); (14) Donato Gaminara (1934-35, Uruguay); (15) Manuel Gaete Fagalde (1935-36, Chile); (16) Henry J. Guthrie (1935-36, New Zealand); (17) Fred W. Gray (1936-37, England); and (18) Clare Martin (1936-37, Egypt).



Serving this year are: Angus Mitchell (Australia); E. R. L. Hill (U. S. A.); S. C. Forbes (Canada)



This Board of Directors made 1 year for THE ROTARIAN by creating a new edition, REVISTA ROTARIA. To it Flores, Mexican Rotarian, literary and linguistic ability magazine of repute wherever S.

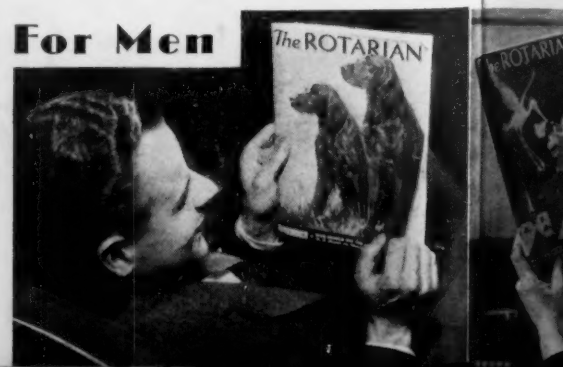


But back to THE ROTARIAN, again... Here are assistant Paul Teetor... Harvey C. Kendall, business d



Other members of the staff at the various tasks invol

For Men





(Australia); E. W. Palmer (U. S. A.); Chair-
men (Canada); A. de Arruda Pereira (Brazil).



ctors made 1933 a red-letter
RIAN by creating its Spanish
TARIA. To it, M. Hinojosa-
Rotarian, brought rare
istic ability, making it a
wherever Spanish is read.



. Here are Editor Leland D. Case and As-
sall, business and advertising manager, and—



s tasks involved in producing this magazine:

(and Women)



But THE ROTARIAN is planned to be more than just another magazine. It has a Rotary job to
do. Program chairmen and speakers have discovered an open secret—on page 63 of each issue



Clubs subscribe for school and public libraries—inexpensive Youth and Community Service



Time-lorn folk appreciate it . . . especially those who spend wearisome hours in hospita



"Candid photos" by Harold P. Ben

It's read in reception rooms . . . and Rotarians' neighbors often first learn of Rotary through



Give Your Cellar a Personality



Photo: Rotofotos

By Fred Merish

THE CELLAR has always been considered rather—well, “low-brow,” a domestic outcast to be shunned except at furnace-feeding time. It has been the household underworld, dismal with old papers, ashes, rickety furniture, reeking with fumes of laundry soap.

But, of late, the cellar has been coming up in the world. Automatic furnace stokers, or oil, gas, even electric heating plants are leading householders to discover that this Sahara of the home can be made to blossom, even as the rose. “T” is said even the word “cellar” is becoming *passé* in ultramodern homes. Basementorium to you!

But basementoriums are not what I’m talking about. Basementoriums aren’t playrooms, created to enrich the design for living, but an extension of the upstairs with period furniture and oil paintings and that sort of thing. My brief is for a basement done over to express the gayer, playful moods of its owner, a place where young and old can foregather of a Winter evening to romp, ride a hobbyhorse, or simply play cards—and never a worry about scratching the furniture!

Many a handy-man-about-the-house with saw and hammer, paintbrush, and trowel has in odd hours made the transformation which I hymn. A dab of paint, a few sheets of wallboard, some electric wires—these are the prime materials used in the transformation. A hundred dollars or less has made many a cellar a thing of joy, if not pure beauty. But if the budget affords them, there’s an automatic refrigerator to be added, a kitchenette corner for midnight snacks, a fireplace—and all that a sentimental, comfort-loving heart desires, even to air conditioning.

The essential point is that the glorified basement should have a personality, that it should express its owner. If he has a “yen” for the sea, let the portholed walls, the ship lanterns, the prints on the walls, the hammocks, the shuffleboard pattern on the floor, express it. I have seen basements that reminded me of Paris sidewalk cafes,

treasured in the memory of their owners.

One businessman, having a warm spot in his heart for the American Southwest, scene of an unforgettable Summer vacation, carried out the Pueblo Indian motif, with Mexican variations. The chairs, secured through a Texas importer, were of tinted cedar withes, criss-crossed at the base, with pinkish-brown pigskin stretched over the seat and back. On the walls were mural paintings of Pueblos beating the

tom-tom, dancing, making ritualistic obeisance to the sun.

An artist was hired to do those pictures, but here’s a tip for the cellar glorifier handier with his fingers than with his purse. Select a picture of anything you’d like to have limned on your walls. It can be a photograph, a postcard, a magazine clipping. Buy, or borrow from some child, one of those simple projectors that reflect an image on a screen. Insert your picture, and throw it on the wall. Move the machine closer or farther until the image is in the position and size you want it. Then with chalk, carefully outline it—and fill in with paint.

BUT let’s shift from decoration to another theme lest we presently find ourselves again talking about basementoriums. Simplicity and practicality are the keynotes of the face-lifted cellars I am talking about, and for them there’s no better word than “rumpus room.” It isn’t yet in my dictionary—but its meaning should be clear when I say that a rumpus room is the place for the household rioting and hilarious fun making. And don’t forget round-the-piano singing of old-time favorites. A secondhand upright piano can be purchased at a price so low these days that you can hide its mahogany or fumed-oak finish with paint and your conscience won’t suffer a single pang.

Let joy reign in the rumpus room. A ping-pong table is cheap insurance against party boredom—and a problem boy. A punching bag, a handball court, a regulation golf-driving net, a billiard table, an air-rifle range, a few square feet waxed for dancing—equipment for play and entertainment is limited only by space and the exchequer.

If children in the family are small, remember that a cement floor makes an ideal—and easily cleaned—surface for roller skating, scooters, and the like. A corner can be turned over to a sandpile, perhaps with a marine scene sketched on the wall to remind the youngsters in Winter of their favorite beaches in Summer. Nothing rivals the

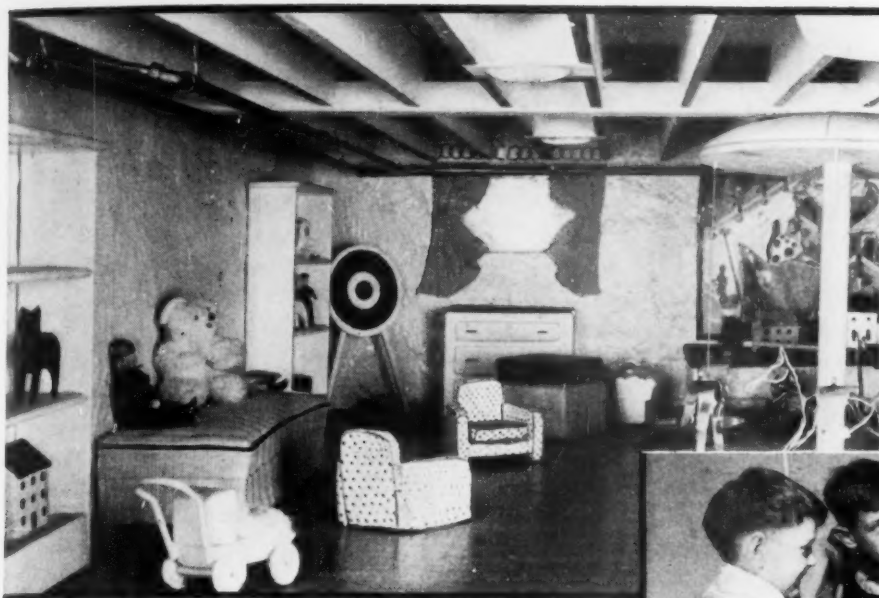


Photo: (above) Dix Duryea, and left, courtesy, American Radiator Co.'s Castles Underground

rumpus room in solving the rainy-day problem for parents of children effervescent with energy!

The best authorities differ, but anywhere from one-half to one-third of the fun of personalizing your basement is making it a family affair. Broach the idea during dessert at a quiet family dinner. Let it incubate for a day or two, then talk about it some more. Soon suggestions will come. Then more, and more—until the idea will hatch with a loud crackling sound instantly recognized by the practiced ear as enthusiasm.

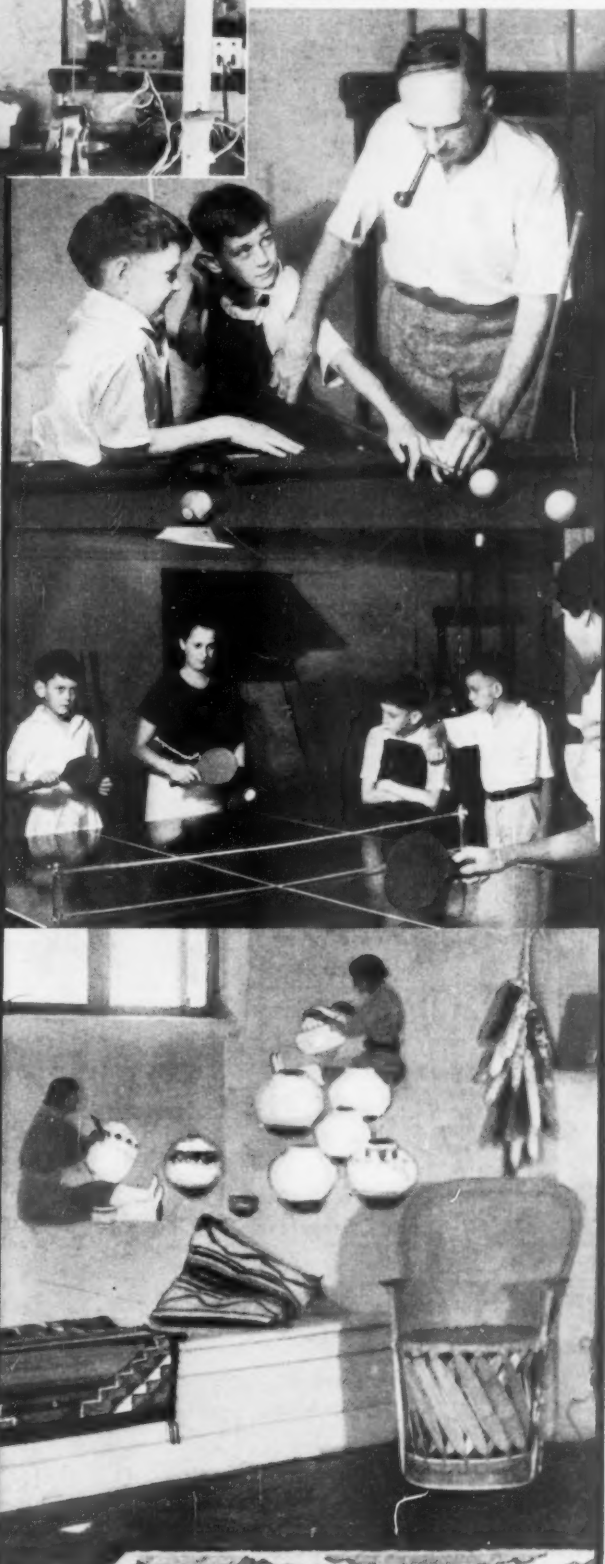
Then is the time to get out the yardstick and tape measure. Check your figures carefully. Draw a plat of the floor space, and begin marking it off for various purposes. Here will go the shuffleboard—no, there's not enough room. There's the place for it. Round and round will go the family discussions, interest mounting at every turn. Evening hours spent in making a cardboard model, complete to the furniture, will not be time squandered—for psychological as well as practical reasons.

CHILDREN revel in basement refurbishing. They may smear their fingers and clothes in their eagerness to mix paints, or bruise their thumbs in tacking up wall-board to cover overhead pipes, but when the job is done, they will beam with the pride of an artist. Wise parents will call their children in for each family conference, will prime their pump of inventiveness, will gravely discuss the practicality of even the most outlandish notions proposed.

One youngster thought there should be a recessed niche for a candle at the foot of the staircase. Where he got the idea his parents knew not, but he was sure it would "look nice." Elders pointed out that the wall was adamant—but so was the youth. Finally, he offered to chisel the niche out—and he did! In after-school hours, broken only by interruptions for raids on the cookie jar, he tapped away until his niche was hollowed out. And it was an attractive detail. He beamed in the unrestrained

The cellar shown on the opposite page became this playroom for toddlers . . . Other basements have equipment for sports that keep children at home . . . Below is a corner of a "rumpus room" decorated with pictures of Indian life.

Photos: (below, top to bottom) (1) and (2) Kaufmann-Fabry; (3) Morris Studio; and courtesy, Roscoe Page, Evanston, Illinois.



'adolescent way when dad and mother admitted that in the presence of friends who had dropped in for a visit.

Stable all the family's hobbyhorses in the rumpus room! What is your son's hobby—or yours? If it's photography, install a darkroom in the corner where you have running water. Many a cellar these days can at a minute's notice be turned into a cinema little theater. When guests drop in unexpectedly, doors of a cubby-hole open like Pandora's box to emit folding chairs. A twist of the wrist and a silverscreen unrolls from the wall.

The old coalbin's space often can be used for a workbench, partitioned from the rest of the cellar. Turning lathes and jig saws and other tool knickknacks, dear to the heart and hand of the office worker, can be purchased quite reasonably these days and can be put to practical use in producing furnishings for the entire basement.

WHEN you start transformation, begin your planning with the stairs. The erratic, creaky, unsafe steps of the old days must go. With a little thought you can give the staircase a bearing in harmony with the spirit of the rooms it is to serve. The boy who thought a candle in a niche would tone up the place was right. A farm lantern, with an electric globe inserted, has been used with success at the entrance of a rumpus room that recalls the raftered haymow of a barn. Sometimes a colored light will turn the trick.

Color is important. If your basement is low, try tinting the ceiling with light blue. It will give the illusion of at least a foot more of clearance. Walls in terra cotta brown are always good, but be sure, if your basement has a tendency to dampness, that you use paint specially prepared to "bind" concrete. It comes in powder form. You mix it with water, and when it dries, it is like concrete itself. A plaster made of equal parts of cement and sand applied to the walls is recommended for walls especially clammy. Remember that concrete is porous.

Numerous useful materials, new and old, are awaiting

the call of the cellar reclamer, everything from paint and wallpaper to wood panelling. Composition panels, made by applying cabinet-wood veneers to a composition base, are now on the market at very moderate prices, compared with the cost of true cabinet wood. Plasterboards of all sorts, metal laths, insulation products, rubber tiles for the floor—the possibilities are without limit.

But before you cover up your walls, do be sure to install all the electric outlets you will require, and before you lay a new floor, check the drains. Lack of forethought on these points will take the glory out of cellar glorification with a thud.

Overhead pipes often present a problem. Ideally, they are covered up, but that often is impractical. If so, don't worry. A heavy wire brush will take off the accumulated scale of paint, dirt, and rust. Rags dampened with kerosene will remove soot and grease. Then the magic of paint can make you all but forget overhead plumbing. And as for the heating plant that juts into the room, box it off or enclose it within latticework if it is an eyesore.

If your costs seem to run up, there's comfort in the thought that you are increasing the value of your house. That's literally true. Seriously talk buying to a real-estate agent, and if the object of your affection is a house with a well-done recreation basement, he will cite that as "a feature" of the place. Architects are already beginning to plan basements of new homes as carefully as they do the upstairs, and interior decorators are prolific with ideas for their beautification.

But every ointment must have its fly, I suppose. I record with sadness that makers of prefabricated homes are not specifying cellars in their plans. Basements, the salesman will tactfully tell you, are outmoded because automatic heating and air-conditioning plants can be set up in a utility room right off the kitchen, where they will be as clean and as noiseless as your refrigerator. But, of course, you can have a rumpus room if you really insist. And as for me, *I would*.

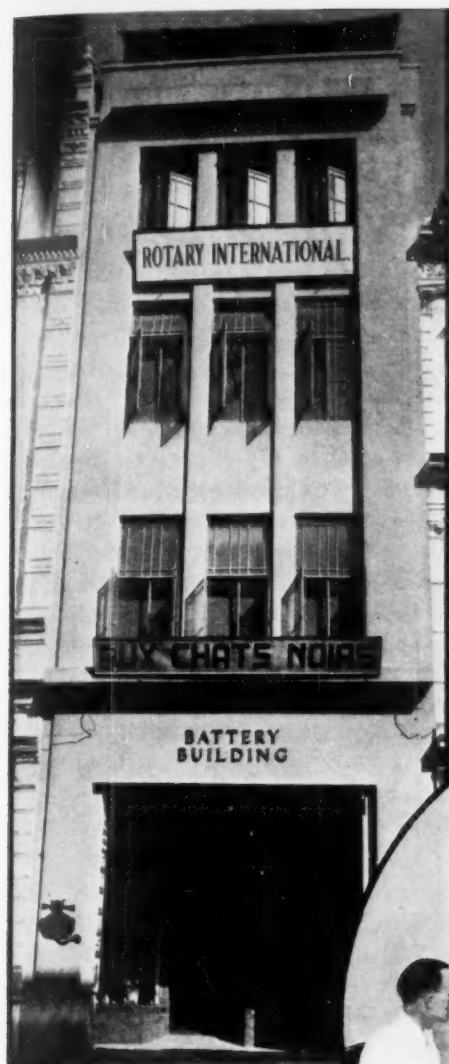
The motif of the glorified basement may be as varied as the temperament and decorative taste of the home owner. Here the cellar assumes a moderne personality with murals suggesting those in Paris cabarets frequented by tourists.

Photo: Courtesy, Chicago Coal Merchants Association



When You're in Singapore— Be Sure to Visit Rotary's Office for Asia

WHEN next you set your Gladstone down at "the cross-roads of the world"—which is Singapore, in the Straits Settlements—call at Rotary International's new Office for Asia before you leave. In this pleasant, efficient relay point of the Secretariat you'll be made right welcome by Rotarian Richard Sidney, Secretary in charge, and by his two native assistants. You'll find that the Office answers a need of long standing, a quickly accessible service station for the nearly 200 Rotary Clubs of Malaya, India, Java, Japan, China, Australia, and other countries of the East.



Anyone in Singapore can put you on Battery Road, on which fronts the Battery Building, site of the new Office for Asia.



You pass beneath a Rotary wheel in "the five-foot-way" . . . and find the Secretary and his helper Cheng busy at trim desks (inset).

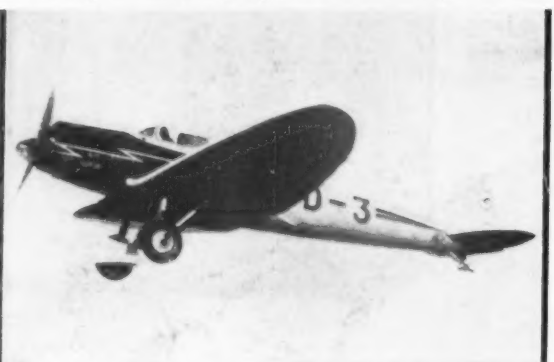


In the long view of the office you look over a counter well stocked with Rotary publications to see helper Goh telephoning, a messenger, the "lift" door . . . (Right) A comfortable corner for conferences.





Drop a letter in, say, a Vatican City box . . .



If bound for the Canary Islands, it may go by air . . . If for a Swiss hamlet, over ski trails.



Photos: (top down) Post from Black Star; Hamburg-American Line; Swiss Fed.Ry.

By Post to Peace

By Karl K. Krueger

UNHAPPY about man's messed-up modern estate? Then you may find hope in the mails. In the business of relaying letters around the earth, if nowhere else, man has learned to cooperate. The postman is a symbol of progress—of progress toward peace.

When you stick a 3-cent stamp on a letter and drop it in a box, you give the missive wings that will whisk it from Alaska to Argentina—or from any point to any other point in the Americas. A 5-cent stamp will speed your letter from Texas to Tibet—or from any point on the American Continents to any point on any other continent (save the unpeopled ones), and vice versa. You will not worry about safe delivery . . . and you need not. The mail has a knack for getting through.

When you mail a letter to a land overseas, someone has said, you engage in perhaps the most civilized activity of this age.

How long has this quick, cheap, sure mail service to all parts of the world existed? Well, for approximately 65 years. A German named Heinrich von Stephan started it all with his personal achievement, the International Postal Union. But let's return to that later.

Perhaps the world's first postmen were the swift runners who shuttled between the monarchs of southwest Asia, carrying clay tablets on which were inscribed the confidences of the kings. The posts of the Persian empire under the kings who followed Cyrus are a significant early example. The Romans developed their postal services to a fine precision, but these, with the empire, collapsed.

For at least two millenniums the terms "post office" and "post roads" have been in use. The Scriptures make such reference. In the Book of Esther one may read how from India unto Ethiopia to a hundred and twenty-seven provinces King Ahasuerus sent letters by posts on horseback. Assyrian and Egyptian records refer to postal services, and the Aztecs had a system of parcel post—for royal purposes.

As Europe emerged from the fog of the Dark Ages, merchants set up private posts. Governments duly saw in them a source of power and revenue and took them over.

The first post office for the general public was established on the Continent of Europe in the 16th Century. Public posts followed soon in England and here made the fastest progress, establishing the first low rates for delivery service.

The growing intercourse between nations complicated the problem of mails—and treaties between nations, such as those between England and France providing prompt delivery, had to suffice for a time.

But, to leap forward over a few centuries, let's turn again to von Stephan. While on his job as first director of posts for the North German Confederation, he began to ponder some of the inscrutables of postal service as it then went in the world. Postage on a letter from Berlin to New York, he noted, was 90 cents if it was sent by German steamer; \$1.25 if it crossed on a British boat. Postage on a letter from Berlin to

Rome was 68 cents via Switzerland; 90 cents through France. He saw that letters to Russia could go by more than a dozen different routes, with almost that many different charges. Mail to Australia went by six routes, each with a different postage. The confusion challenged the pragmatic von Stephan.

So, as one man who wanted to do all other men a good turn, he suggested the calling of an International Congress to consider a few proposals. It met in 1874 in Berne, Switzerland, and in but a few weeks adopted *all* his proposals. The meeting resulted in the formation of the International Postal Union, which, in 1878, became the Universal Postal Union. Fundamentally, the agreement which von Stephan wrote for Europe and the United States serves every country in the world today.

Four items on which the delegates to that original Congress found they could agree and which then covered the field were:

1. Uniformity of postage rates and units of weight.
2. Classification of correspondence, letters, postcards, printed papers.
3. Definite payments to railroad and steamship lines of countries other than that of origin.
4. Universal adoption of a system of registration and compensation.

Later agreements provided for international money-order service, insurance, and parcel post.

In practice the principles now mean this:

Your 5 cents for an overseas letter go to the office where you buy the stamp. Each country delivers your letter free and without recording its passage. Your letter may have to pass through many hands in dozens of countries, yet it is sent on swiftly toward its destination . . . without question.

Money matters come up only once every three years—the Statistics Period. Because each nation handles considerable "transit mail," mail that is just passing through on its way elsewhere, it is only fair that it should be compensated therefor. A sample taken during four weeks every three years gives the average on which such payments are based. During those weeks every piece or bag of mail sent to any country through another is counted or weighed by sender, forwarder, and receiver. Reports go off to the Postal Union headquarters in Berne. How much each nation must pay every other nation handling its transit mail during the next three years is determined by multiplying that four-week total by 13.

The 5-cent stamp, and what it will do, leads the people of the world to send a billion and a half first-class letters every year. The United States seems to lead with close to 200 million letters. Britain, France, and Germany follow in that order.

SINGAPORE, Straits Settlements, where Rotary International has recently opened an office for Asia, mails as many overseas letters as all Russia, a half million a month.

Private agreements exist within the Union. Most significant of these is the Pan-American and Americo-Spanish agreement by the United States, Spain, and the countries of the Western Hemisphere. The domestic rate (3 cents) now obtains on the American Continents and transit charges have been abandoned. No money changes hands here, except in the airmail services. Argentina's complaint brought about the reform. She found she'd been handling twice as much mail for the United States as the United States was handling for her.



A letter picked up by this Himalayan mail runner



... may leap the Pacific on the China Clipper ... and reach your door on this welcome man's back.



Photos: (from top down) Wide World; Black Star; Ewing Galloway

The ROTARIAN

Published Monthly by

ROTARY INTERNATIONAL

35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A.

THE Objects of Rotary are to encourage and foster the ideal of service as a basis of worthy enterprise and, in particular, to encourage and foster:

(1) The development of acquaintance as an opportunity for service.

(2) High ethical standards in business and professions, the recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations, and the dignifying by each Rotarian of his occupation as an opportunity to serve society.

(3) The application of the ideal of service by every Rotarian to his personal, business, and community life.

(4) The advancement of international understanding, goodwill, and peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service.

Editorial Comment

Science—Pure but Defiled

TO WHAT or to whom should the scientist be responsible? To an impersonal something called science? To his fellow beings? Should he be concerned when discoveries of his laboratory are used to destroy human lives and their works?

Sir Josiah Stamp, distinguished English industrialist, posed such questions in these columns last August, but left no doubt as to his views. "The pure scientist," he declared, "should take an active interest in the social consequences of his work." Facts are indubitably facts, and wish-thinking has no place in science. But, again to quote Sir Josiah, "If the scientists can band themselves together internationally to prevent Governments using the latest advances of knowledge for bad ends, and cease to be their agents in so doing, it would be a magnificent thing."

Some day that "magnificent thing" will be realized. If scientists do not move toward it, society will, for men will reason logically that it is illogic for civilization to permit to be uncontrolled that which would destroy civilization. But, in the meantime, let not be overlooked those scientists who already are banding together internationally to use the latest advances of knowledge for good ends.

When Doctors Get Together

GIVE A thought to medical men, for example. In every country they are studying, experimenting. They have developed elaborate techniques to compare notes on discoveries and to pool confirmed conclusions. They take second seat to none in their love of demonstrated truth.

Yet theirs is more than science for science' sake; it is science for a purpose. Nor is that all, for as they apply their knowledge in healing the sick and mending the maimed, they earn their living and have status in their communities. A relationship exists between the

service they do and their bank accounts. And the zeal with which they press their coöperative, international pursuit of truth is fortified by an economic motive manifested in a growing consciousness of the common stake medical men everywhere have in their profession itself.

An illustrative instance is the recent "floating convention" of the Pan-American Medical Association. Several hundred doctors and surgeons chartered a ship out of New York for a cruise to Latin-American points. Discussions and clinics were held on board, climaxed by a five-day conference with some 700 more colleagues from Latin-America at Havana, Cuba. Here mingled medical men from Mexico, Brazil, Argentina, the United States—a score of nations. Still remaining citizens of their own countries, they discovered, nevertheless, that they belong to a *supranational* empire: a realm of common intellectual and vocational interests.

Enlightened Self-Interest

NOW, consider the hard-boiled realist. He is cynical about prospects for peace on earth and will admit it without prodding. Confront him with Sir Josiah Stamp's vision of the "magnificent thing," and he will respond with bold words about the futility of uprooting human selfishness. It may startle him to learn that there are wise men who, reasoning from premises just as realistic as his own, hold that in self-interest *enlightened* lies a practical hope for peace on this planet.

The case of medical men is here in point. Their science is international in content and in its humanitarian application. Their literature gives them a sense of worldwide unity—but it is when they meet fellow practitioners from other lands that the acquaintance-respect-friendship sequence is put in motion and the community of interest is personalized.

The same principle is at work in other zones of human affairs. Music and art have long been said to be international. Stamp collectors are brothers under the skin, though they be princes or paupers. A pocket camera has bridged many a frontier. Businessmen of the na-

tions have been comparatively late, however, in opening their eyes to the idea that they, too, have common interests. It is now obvious that the World War brought on the depression which ruined countless buyers and sellers in all countries. Had those buyers and sellers been really looking after their own long-range interests, they could have, probably they would have, joined in a concerted appeal that might have stopped hostilities before they began.

And the future? Overlooked by the hard-boiled realist are a multitude of agencies creating among businessmen in all countries an awareness of their common stake in preserving conditions for doing business. The list runs long. On it are the International Chamber of Commerce and a variety of specialized associations of men who earn their livings in the same ways. And Rotary International is on it, for a major objective of Rotary is:

To encourage and foster the advancement of international understanding, goodwill, and peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service.

Take an Inventory!

ONE EVENING not long ago, the officers and Committee Chairmen of the Cloquet, Minnesota, Rotary Club sat around a table and, for three solid hours, talked Rotary.

It was an inventory-taking: Had they been consistent in extending the right hand of fellowship to visitors in their Club? Had Rotarians been visited when ill? Were the programs of a type which would do high credit to the Objects of Rotary? Had all ex-Rotarians in the city been invited to a luncheon recently, just to make certain that the old ties of friendship had not become untied?

"To an old Rotarian it renewed his old dream that Rotary can be a vital force in the lives of men; to a young Rotarian it awakened a yearning to search further into the possibilities of Rotary"—thus wrote a Club spokesman of the event.

Few men there are who don't need an inventory-taking periodically. Few Clubs there are which would not likewise benefit. It is not entirely to men's or Clubs' discredit when they forget the principles for which they stand. But it is most certainly to their credit when they make an honest attempt to remember.

A Toot for Institutes

THE LIST of Rotary Clubs sponsoring Institutes of International Understanding is mounting every week. As this is written, the number has passed 40, with every prospect of it exceeding 100 before the Rotary year is closed. Audiences of 500 are frequently reported, evidencing fine community interest and support.

Institute experience is cumulative, the new ones bene-

fitting from the experiments of those already held. In some cases, a tidy surplus is left after lecturers have been paid and other expenses met. Oshkosh, Wisconsin, came out with a balance of \$124—and promptly set a worthy example by contributing it to the Foundation of Rotary International.

Millennium in Moultrie

VIEWERS-WITH-ALARM, relax! Here's hope! Here's proof that not all goodness has gone to pot. It's a true story.

Moultrie, Georgia, was to choose a Mayor. Two good candidates were "up." One day before the elections, Moultrie townsfolk picked up their papers to read—and to blink at—this:

To Our Citizens and Friends—As you already know, we both have entered the race for Mayor of Moultrie. Each of us was prompted to do so upon the insistence of friends. We have no motive in view except to render a service to the city of Moultrie and its people. The continued progress and growth of Moultrie have depended in the past and will depend in the future upon the coöperation of its people. Realizing this fact, we have jointly decided on a campaign plan that we believe will be highly pleasing and satisfactory to the citizens of Moultrie. We desire that this race be conducted in such a way as to cast no reflection on anyone. We, as opponents, are the best of friends and expect to remain such, regardless of who wins. . . . We further agree that this announcement will be the extent of our electioneering. Therefore, vote as you please, and may the best man win.

The incumbent, Evans Reynolds, won, defeating H. G. Ray, a member of the Moultrie Rotary Club. The two men are still the good friends they said they'd be.

Understand . . . Appreciate

SOMEONE has said that in order to have understanding we must have insight; we must be able to look into another country, into another community, into a business establishment, into a family circle, into hearts and minds. This is not always possible, but only where it is possible is it likely that there will be found understanding.

However, understanding alone will not necessarily develop goodwill. There must be appreciation. We may understand that the other fellow does something, we may understand why he does it, but unless we *appreciate* his doing it, we may find it difficult to have goodwill toward him.

In some circumstances we may have to be tolerant of things we do not appreciate and of things we do not understand, with the hope that such things will change for the better from our point of view or that with more understanding our appreciation of them will be developed.—C. R. P.

Seeking Peace—in a Concrete Way

The Story of a Dream Highway—Alaska to the Argentine By John B. Tompkins

MOTORISTS crossing the Canada-United States boundary at Blaine, Washington, can sight a huge arch. Dedicated to peace, it appropriately marks the starting point of a highway that some day shall run from the United States northward through Canada to Alaska, and make the peoples of all North



Photo: Neofot from Black Star

America more happily conscious of their common wealth in natural resources, scenery, and, above all, goodwill.

Nor is that all. When the vision of the Fifth International Conference of American States, held in 1923 at Santiago, Chile, becomes a reality, a 13,000-mile ribbon of concrete (14,500 via Laredo, Texas) will be unrolled through 14 countries from Alaska in the north to the Argentine in the south. Great sections already have been completed, others are contemplated, but the project in the spotlight now is the portion that will connect the United States and Alaska.*

Some 800 of the 1,930 miles through Canada have been completed for several years. Enthusiasm for the project raced up and down the Pacific Coast in 1929, when the Premier of British Columbia, Dr. S. F. Tolmie, led a caravan of Americans and Canadians over that section. Alaska petitioned Congress to arrange conferences between the United States and Canada. A few months later a

Canadian-American commission of engineers investigated, and in their report—submitted in 1933—declared the project was economically practical. All that was needed was some 14 million dollars.

But in the period from 1929 to 1933, as some readers will remember, a visitation descended upon the world which was called The Depression. And 14 million dollars became a lot of money.

Nevertheless, the California Legislature in 1935 passed a resolution demanding immediate construction of the highway. The same year, Senator Charles L. McNary, of Oregon, introduced a bill in Congress to empower President Roosevelt to negotiate with the Canadian Government and appropriate 2 million dollars for construction of the Alaska section of the highway. The bill was passed, but the money question was left until some

Columbia and the Yukon, when compared with the \$1,970,000 the United States will spend to build 183 miles of road in Alaska, it is only natural to suppose that the Canadian Governments will consider at length every angle of the situation. Then, too, there has been the feeling that for such an expenditure Canada would not benefit greatly.

Now, however, with an era of prosperity dawning in Canada, prospects for the highway are brightening. Those who stress the potential value of tourist traffic point to the unquestioned success of the new road from the north to Mexico City, Mexico. Aviation interests, which are developing rapidly in Alaska and the Yukon, contemplate a regular line between Seattle and Alaska, extending perhaps to the Orient; they would welcome ground communications that would facilitate the establishment of airports. Alaskans, remembering the recent strike which paralyzed coastwise shipping, are especially eager for an auxiliary contact with the United States.

There are as many opinions about the settler capacity of the land to be opened as on the probable success of the Matanuska Valley experiment in Alaska. A California legislator declares the territory tapped by the road will support 3 million people. His figure may be somewhat exaggerated, but a conservative estimate is one million.

Premier Pattullo, of British Columbia, however, has assured both the Canadian Dominion and the United States Governments that his Government will cooperate fully in the construction of the Alaska Highway. This willingness found action when the British Columbia Government



Photo: Breidford

A north and south link in the proposed intercontinental highway is this arch at Blaine, Washington.

agreement could be reached with the Canadian authorities. Although both sides are vitally interested, with President Roosevelt giving assurance to anxious Alaskan delegates of his support, thus far the issue is still undecided.

Since the Canadian and the Province of British Columbia Governments must expend an estimated \$11,990,000 to construct 1,930 miles of highway in British

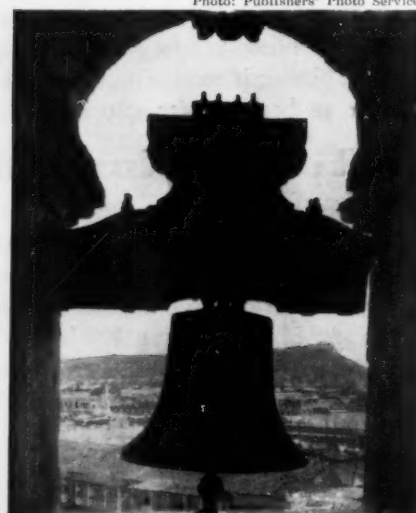
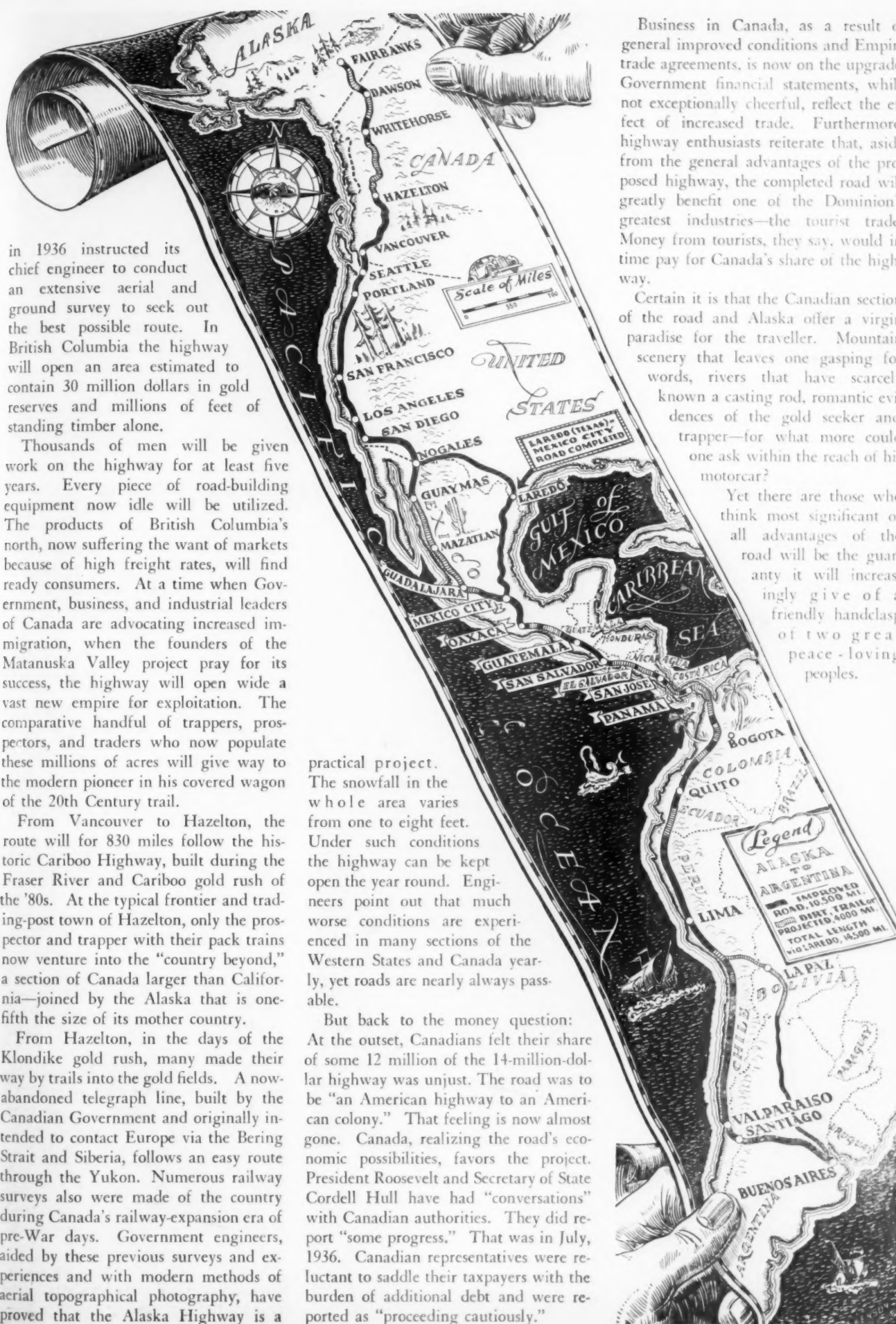


Photo: Publishers' Photo Service

* The Automobile Club of Southern California estimates 83 percent—some 11,000 miles—of the 13,000 miles of the Alaska-Argentine road are passable in favorable seasons, and a half of this distance is paved or graded. The route from Nogales, Arizona, to Mexico City is undeveloped for the most part, but an excellent highway runs from Laredo, Texas, to Mexico City. Press dispatches indicate that Mexico is now beginning the initial phase of the 1,193-mile link from Nogales to Guadalajara via Mazatlan.—En.



in 1936 instructed its chief engineer to conduct an extensive aerial and ground survey to seek out the best possible route. In British Columbia the highway will open an area estimated to contain 30 million dollars in gold reserves and millions of feet of standing timber alone.

Thousands of men will be given work on the highway for at least five years. Every piece of road-building equipment now idle will be utilized. The products of British Columbia's north, now suffering the want of markets because of high freight rates, will find ready consumers. At a time when Government, business, and industrial leaders of Canada are advocating increased immigration, when the founders of the Matanuska Valley project pray for its success, the highway will open wide a vast new empire for exploitation. The comparative handful of trappers, prospectors, and traders who now populate these millions of acres will give way to the modern pioneer in his covered wagon of the 20th Century trail.

From Vancouver to Hazelton, the route will for 830 miles follow the historic Cariboo Highway, built during the Fraser River and Cariboo gold rush of the '80s. At the typical frontier and trading-post town of Hazelton, only the prospector and trapper with their pack trains now venture into the "country beyond," a section of Canada larger than California—joined by the Alaska that is one-fifth the size of its mother country.

From Hazelton, in the days of the Klondike gold rush, many made their way by trails into the gold fields. A now-abandoned telegraph line, built by the Canadian Government and originally intended to contact Europe via the Bering Strait and Siberia, follows an easy route through the Yukon. Numerous railway surveys also were made of the country during Canada's railway-expansion era of pre-War days. Government engineers, aided by these previous surveys and experiences and with modern methods of aerial topographical photography, have proved that the Alaska Highway is a

practical project. The snowfall in the whole area varies from one to eight feet. Under such conditions the highway can be kept open the year round. Engineers point out that much worse conditions are experienced in many sections of the Western States and Canada yearly, yet roads are nearly always passable.

But back to the money question: At the outset, Canadians felt their share of some 12 million of the 14-million-dollar highway was unjust. The road was to be "an American highway to an American colony." That feeling is now almost gone. Canada, realizing the road's economic possibilities, favors the project. President Roosevelt and Secretary of State Cordell Hull have had "conversations" with Canadian authorities. They did report "some progress." That was in July, 1936. Canadian representatives were reluctant to saddle their taxpayers with the burden of additional debt and were reported as "proceeding cautiously."

Business in Canada, as a result of general improved conditions and Empire trade agreements, is now on the upgrade. Government financial statements, while not exceptionally cheerful, reflect the effect of increased trade. Furthermore, highway enthusiasts reiterate that, aside from the general advantages of the proposed highway, the completed road will greatly benefit one of the Dominion's greatest industries—the tourist trade. Money from tourists, they say, would in time pay for Canada's share of the highway.

Certain it is that the Canadian section of the road and Alaska offer a virgin paradise for the traveller. Mountain scenery that leaves one gasping for words, rivers that have scarcely known a casting rod, romantic evidences of the gold seeker and trapper—for what more could one ask within the reach of his motorcar?

Yet there are those who think most significant of all advantages of the road will be the guaranty it will increasingly give of a friendly handclasp of two great peace-loving peoples.



Photo: Cochran

Farmers—Friends and Neighbors

By Ainsley Roseen

WHAT foundation is there for understanding—even friendship—between the farmer and the cityman? It's a question that has turned more than one dinner-table group into a miniature debating society.

One "debater," for example, points out how the man in the city wants to get his butter and eggs as cheap as possible, how the farmer forever seeks higher prices for what he sells. Someone will be sure to mention government-controlled prices, crop control, and—

But why go on with that? The question that started it all has a simple answer. Towners and countrymen *can* be friends despite all the "fundamental opposition" argument; and, what is more interesting, numerous agencies, including scores of Rotary Clubs, are changing that *can* to a very active *are*.

Rotary interest in such matters developed spontaneously, naturally. Their community, Rotarians knew, did not stop at city limits. And it early became evident that because men are business competitors is no reason why they should be unfriendly. Rotary's philosophy about buyer-seller, competitor, and employee-employer relations had obvious application to the farmer who feeds the cityman and whose sons were seeking jobs in stores and factories.

But getting the farmers and the city folk together—well, how should it be done? Why not, some Rotarian some-

Notes on what Rotary Clubs are doing to better relations between city folk and farm dwellers.

where suggested, invite a number of farmers to a regular Rotary meeting? And the answer came quickly, "Why, certainly!"

Thus rural-urban acquaintance got under way. Men from the rural areas found city neighbors (who often could boast of boyhoods "on the farm") genuinely interested in a lot of things outside the office and shop door. And the farmers, the Rotarians discovered, had done a great deal of thinking about things beside farming.

Today, hundreds of Rotary Clubs have well-defined programs for building friendship among the men of the city and of the farm. Most popular of the "stunts" is an evening set aside once a year for the entertainment of rural guests. Friendly banter, pleasantries, and music team up with a program of more serious consequence, thus permitting the visitors to become acquainted with the Objects of Rotary and the means of furthering them. Usually each Rotarian has a farmer as his guest.

For more than a score of years various Clubs have sponsored such "farmers' nights" and banquets at which farmers and their wives meet across the table from Rotarians and their wives. The Rotary Club of Piqua, Ohio, for example, last year entertained farmer friends for the 11th consecutive year. Turkey, mu-

sic, and an address by a chemist on the possibilities and uses of the soybean were features of the evening.

When Eldorado, Illinois, Rotarians first explored the idea of rural-urban friendship, meetings were comparatively small. But not so, now, seven years later. The capacity of the city's largest dining hall is taxed, and the affair is the talk of the town.

Fourteen years ago, the Rotary Club of New London, Wisconsin, entertained farmers and their families—50 of them—just to get acquainted. So great has been the harvest from the friendship seed then planted that at the most recent meeting, the number reached 1,000—packing the high-school auditorium—with the Rotarian hosts still serving food "when Tuesday passed into Wednesday."

When Rotarians of Mobile, Alabama, met with more than a score of practical farmers from the community not long ago, they staged a miniature fair designed to show the benefits from raising higher-class livestock, poultry, and other products. Barbecued chicken and the accessories proved the forerunner of an address summarizing the various exhibits in the fair.

Annually does the Cherokee, Oklahoma, Rotary Club make welcome farmers from the surrounding countryside—



Spontaneous friendliness and delectable food were well mixed as Enid, Oklahoma, Rotarians and ladies enjoyed themselves as guests of the near-by Rural Rotatory Club.



Rotarians of Indianapolis, Indiana, got a closeup of rural life last year when a day on members' farms provided lots of food, stock inspection, games.



Photos: Bass

the whole town joining in. Prominent speakers address the meetings. Centralia, Illinois, Rotarians have added another annual milestone to their rural-urban meetings: there are now five, each growing in interest, inspiration, and attendance. When Fort Dodge, Iowa, Rotarians presented a Stanhope boy with an International Harvester prize a couple of years back, they made it a gala occasion by inviting also a number of prominent agricultural leaders.

Winterset, Iowa, Rotarians, in order to become better acquainted with the countryside have held meetings in various churches near the city. But one time they reversed the plan. To a big meeting they invited farm folk equal to the size of the Club—it was a highlight event of the year.

With increasing frequency, however, Rotary Clubs are finding that this matter of getting acquainted is not initiated by only one side of the rural-urban

equation. At a regular meeting of the Rotary Club of Enid, Oklahoma, four members of the Rural Rotatory Club appeared and invited the Rotarians to be their guests on a farm near by. The following week 110 of them and their wives made the pilgrimage. After they were greeted by members of the rural club, friendship and food were mixed in generous quantities. "The finest kind of rural acquaintance," reported a Rotary Club spokesman.

The tables were turned not so long ago in Mesa, Arizona, when farmers of the community, to reciprocate for meetings at which they had been entertained, invited the members of the Rotary Club to a bountiful dinner. The program was sponsored by a farmers' union; the speaker compared the farmers' code and Rotary's, pointing out the many identical elements.

One of the big factors behind the success of the 4-H Club movement among the youth of the United States has been the interest and support of the members of Rotary Clubs.* At least 200 Clubs

have a definite program of cooperation locally to advance 4-H work. Often it means financing the purchase of registered stock or fancy poultry or improved seed.

The Rotary Club of Durham, North Carolina, for example, through its Rural-Urban Acquaintance Committee, recently sponsored the purchase of thoroughbred Guernsey calves for any young people in the county who would accept the Club's offer, with the understanding that they would raise the calves, have them judged, and receive rewards from the Rotary Club. Seven young folks accepted the offer, and later the calves were judged by the State director of 4-H Club work. A great percentage of the Rotary Club membership was present at the meeting held in a county-school building near Durham.

THE Rotary Club of Valley City, North Dakota, has furnished funds to send local 4-H teams to State contests and to Chicago. In the past more than 200 boys and girls have been guests of the Club at a picnic. . . . The Houston, Texas, Club sponsored a Pedigreed-Pig Program for the 4-H Club and, as a result, several lads won free trips to Chicago. . . . When the DuBois, Pennsylvania, Rotary Club sponsored an Annual Potato Round-up, 4-H Club members had an opportunity to exhibit prize seed potatoes. . . . Every year the Rotary Club of San Antonio, Texas, sends four winners of 4-H Clubs in the county to the A. & M. Short Course, the expenses of which are paid out of a special fund created for the purpose. . . . Annually the Rotarians of Shippensburg, Pennsylvania, sponsor an exhibit for boy and girl members of 4-H Corn Clubs. . . . For 4-H Club loans, the Rotary Club of Northampton, Massachusetts, appropriated \$250.

. . . Thus it goes throughout the Rotary world. To list dozens of Clubs helping

*See *The Rebirth of the Barefoot Boy—and Girl*, by William F. McDermott, *THE ROTARIAN* (or *The Reader's Digest*), November, 1937.



As the Indianapolis Rotarians arrived at the farms, they were made welcome by the hosts. Here John B. Webb, lamb-bake host, greets Club President W. Zeller.



Plowing contests such as this one sponsored by the Rotary Club of St. John's, New Brunswick, Canada, do much to turn under old ideas and attitudes about rural-urban relations.

sons and daughters of farmers in the development of Head, Heart, Hands, and Health would be to omit other dozens.

A quick whirl around the rural-urban acquaintance circle, however, discloses a multitude of methods of becoming acquainted with problems and people. Last year, for example, members of the Indianapolis, Indiana, Rotary Club were conducted on a tour of farms of several of the members. A lamb bake at the farm of the sheep-herder member followed visits to greenhouses and was succeeded by an inspection of fine horses.

A minstrel show presented by Rotarians of Stillwater, Oklahoma, before farm folk gathered in consolidated schools in near-by communities gave city businessmen and their rural neighbors new opportunity for friendship.

For the use of stock breeders in the neighborhood of Brockville, Ontario, Canada, the local Rotary Club bought a prize-winning Holstein bull.



The Rotary Club of Waurika, Oklahoma, found a novel way of developing acquaintance beyond the city limits. It sponsored amateur shows in a number of communities and held the finals in Waurika. The audience decided the winners in the preliminary competition, a committee of out-of-town Rotarians selecting the three winners in the finals.

To acquaint rural children with the city, Durango, Colorado, Rotarians brought 2,000 children in groups of 60 to a local bakery and ice-cream factory and a movie.

Regularly as Saturday night comes along, members of the Denton, Texas, Farm Club meet at a local cafe to discuss problems of agriculture and any others which members may bring out into the open. Founded by a Rotarian, this club now has 86 members, 53 being farmers. A number of Denton Rotarians are honorary members. But not limited to this one organization is the rural-urban interest of the Denton Rotary Club. To 4-H Club lads with the desire but not the means to get to the annual livestock and agricultural shows at Fort Worth and Dallas, Rotarians furnish transportation. Annually when the

near-by Agricultural Experiment Station invites 1,500 and more farmers to a "Field Day," qualified Rotarian guides show groups of 50 around the fields.

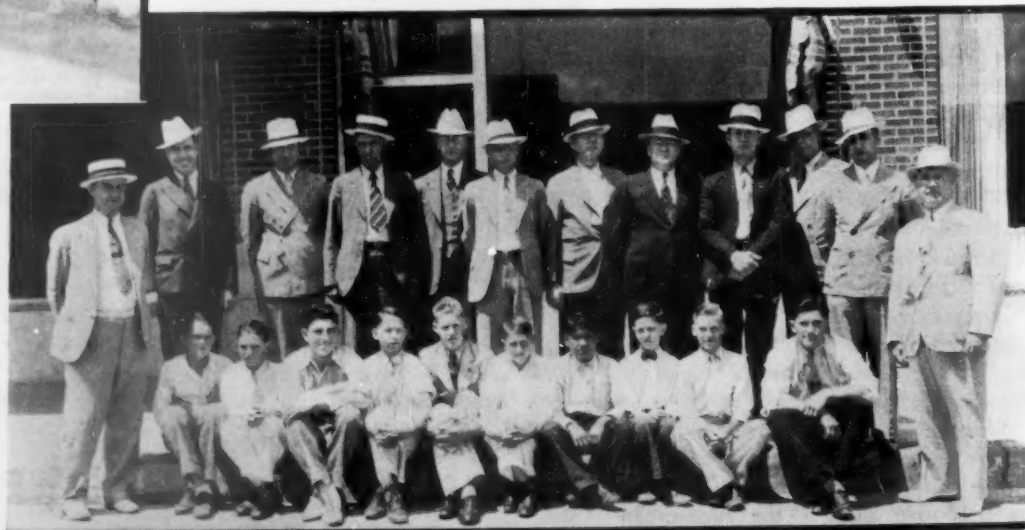
So that the young people of the rural community surrounding Tuscaloosa, Alabama, may become acquainted with the Rotary movement, the Rotary Club has arranged to place *THE ROTARIAN* in a number of the county schools. Nelson, New Zealand, Rotarians found the same plan practical and worthy; 21 rural schools therefore were on the list to be supplied regularly with Rotary's official organ. Hundreds of other Rotary Clubs are doing likewise.

Thus is the program of rural-urban acquaintance, as varied, you will admit, as any program could be. The instances cited are but illustrative of what is being done wherever the Rotary spirit moves. Add to the friendship-producing mediums already mentioned, picnics, clubs, rural fairs and festivals, rural recreational programs, educational and informational meetings sponsored by Rotarians for farmers, and you get some idea of the powerful forces at work to bring about a decided change in attitude between city and farm folk.



Honored guests at a San Antonio Rotary Club luncheon were Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schorsch, heralded as the Texas "Master Farmers of 1937."

Cushing, Oklahoma, Rotarians believe in boysponsorship. They supplied popcorn, it was planted, and the boys formed the Bear Paw Popcorn Club.



Better Boys at Bargain Prices

By B. A. Schapper

NO LONGER HAS Wilkinsburg, Pennsylvania, much of a bad-boy problem. Three years ago, this wasn't true. Many youngsters committed offenses ranging from pilfering stores and breaking windows to distressing parents by staying out late nights.

The turn for the better in the city's delinquency problem came with the organization of the Wilkinsburg Boys' Club. At first, club quarters were in a store basement, aid from members of the Rotary Club meeting the cost of expanding activities. Now every service group in the city contributes. The Rotary Club guarantees the rent and other groups the needed equipment.

Club quarters now center on the second floor of one of the city's buildings, but actually the whole community is the group's clubroom. The club uses the school swimming pool several times weekly and reserves certain hours at a church gymnasium. The playground association coöperates by extending its facilities during the Summer.

Organized to provide an outlet for the energies of boys whose misconduct was leading inevitably toward Juvenile Court, the club has more than fulfilled the sponsors' hopes. Of the 50 or more boys who have been "sentenced" to the club for misdemeanors, only two have been "repeaters." Director Marvin Brown makes certain that none of the boys knows who have been sent to the club by the authorities, and no official police record is kept. Of course, boys caught in the more serious cases of lawbreaking are still remanded to the juvenile authorities.

The club has outgrown its original purpose and now admits volunteer members. The majority of the 400 members have come to the club of their own accord. Modest dues, scaled according to individual circumstances, give them a feeling of ownership and responsibility. Ages range from nine to 12. Club hours are from 6 to 10 P. M. daily.

Capable instructors are being provided in woodwork, metal work, airplane modelling, and painting, as well as a song leader and a pianist. The boys



T. W. Stephens, vice-president of the Wilkinsburg Boys' Club, "kibitzes" a game of checkers played on a table which the boys made in the club workshop.

make articles to sell for "pin money" or as personal gifts, thus learning to appreciate the glad feeling of achievement and to know the artisan's pride in his tools.

Community leaders made Wilkinsburg "boy-conscious" by dramatizing them in a constructive way. All activities of the city government were turned over to the boys for one day. This practical way of giving a youngster a sense of importance is a far cry from the swaggering of a bully for attention.

Wilkinsburg Rotarians feel that comparable boys' clubs in other cities would do much to solve the "boy problem" quickly and effectively. The high sense of dignity achieved by boys in such a club is illustrated by the episode in Wilkinsburg when a newspaper unfortunately used this headline over a picture of some of the boys: "Wilkinsburg's Bad Boys Get 'Life Sentences' in Social Club." Several boys came to the director, picture in hand, tears hardly held back, to say, "I'm not a bad boy and neither are the others."

"But the cost of all this?" someone immediately asks. "Our town can't afford such a program."

But, can't it? Sociologists estimate reformatory costs at \$500 per year per per-

son. That would provide constructive care to 100 "problem boys" in a year. Or look at it in this way: The savings of \$495 per year per boy should be of interest to businessmen and other taxpayers—not to mention the incalculable savings in human misery and the equally incalculable value of lives turned from anti-social activities toward socially useful occupations.

Penologists estimate that once a lad has been in prison and associated with hardened criminals, the chances are three in four he will remain in crime. But avoid his commitment, follow through with a constructive program, and the chances are better than nine in ten he will go straight.

From every point of view—social, human, financial—turning bad boys into good ones pays. Wilkinsburg's experience proves it. The story of how the change has come about there isn't especially unusual. It is being duplicated in scores of communities. Sometimes the Rotary Club is the mainspring that sets the wheels to turning, sometimes it is another organization, sometimes it is a handful of individuals who see the need and do something about it. It really makes little difference who does it, so long as it is done!

As the Wheel Turns

Notes about Rotary personages and events of special Rotary interest



Photo: Pringle & Booth

Silver rose bowl presented to Founder Paul and Mrs. Harris by the Rotary Club of Toronto, Ont., Canada, at its 25th anniversary celebration.

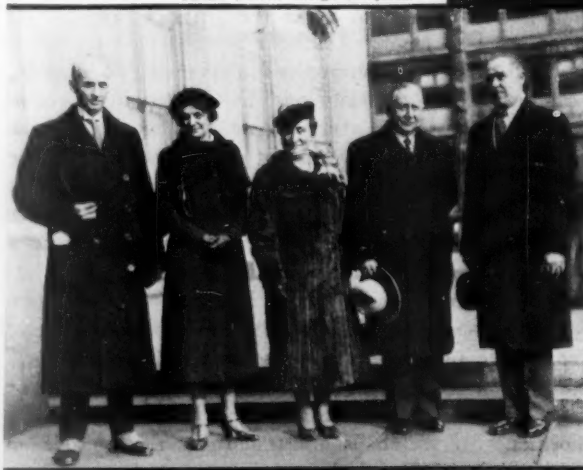
now she knows because next day CUSTOMER BARTLE sent her a subscription. For the sake of ROTARIAN ROE we hope she likes it. A thumb-nail rasped the wrong way hurts.

Kiver Klubster. To join THE ROTARIAN's new Kiver-to-Kiver Klub all the reader need do is answer correctly 8 of 10 questions listed each month and vote himself in. ROTARIAN FRANK W. HINKLEY, of Los Angeles, Calif., has done so, but, to make sure, he has sent us his score. You're in, Frank!

Catalina Cadence. Say "Catalina Island" to anyone who has visited California and he'll probably start telling you about abalone shell and glass-bottom boats and vast private estates. But Santa Catalina's fame ought not stop there. She has, whether she knows it or not, a rhyming prose writer. He's a member of the Rotary Club of Avalon. His name is FRED PAULSON. When it came his turn to write the *Santa Catalina Rotarian* recently, he phrased the whole Club publication in rhymed prose.

Text. They are using roentgen rays in countless indispensable ways today, a fact which holds true in the field of dentistry. From the type-writer of a Rotarian has come a textbook for students of and practitioners of dentistry, *Operative and Interpretative Radiodontia*. Its author is WALTER S. THOMPSON, member of the Rotary Club of Los Angeles. He is an associate

Photo: (below) George Valiquette



Rotary's President, Maurice Duperrey, and his lady close an American tour: In New York City (above): Rotarian Dr. R. Krause, police chief of Horsens, Denmark; M. Duperrey; C. S. Morris, local Club President. . . (left) At Ottawa, Ont., Canada: Dr. M. Easson, Club President; Mrs. Easson; Mme. Duperrey; M. Duperrey; Rotarian Mayor Stanley Lewis. . . (left below) At Montreal, Que.: Club President T. B. Dundas; M. Duperrey; Rotarian J. A. Lapres; Mme. Duperrey; Rotarian S. Neilson, Westmount, Que.; Rotarian W. Harrison, Montreal.

ASSEMBLY. Rotary's 1938 International Assembly is to be held at the Hotel Del Monte in Del Monte, Calif., June 12-18, according to a decision of the Board of Directors. The hotel is located on the Monterey peninsula at the start of a picturesque 17-mile drive. Seal Rock, home to hundreds of sea lions, stands just a few miles from the hotel. Dates for the international Convention, which is to be held in San Francisco, are June 19-24.

Hamlets. Of the 4,400-plus communities in which there are Rotary Clubs, which is the smallest? Significant question! Gloucester, Va., is (or was, at least, as these lines were being written). Its population is 375; its Rotary Club has 14 members. But Minden, Nev., gives Gloucester a good race. Minden has 440 inhabitants and a Rotary Club of 18 members.

Travellers. The Rotary Club of Tappahannock-Warsaw, Va., is one of those two-town Clubs. The communities are seven miles apart and all the meetings are held in Tappahannock. That means considerable travelling each week for members who live in Warsaw and in other small communities as far as 20 miles removed from Tappahannock. On an average, each man travels 21 miles to attend.

Disciple. Barber shops aren't what they used to be, thank goodness. Today, at one and the same sitting in your glistening modern tonsorial salon you can get a shave, haircut, shampoo, massage, nail trim, and shoeshine . . . and as much of the day's news as you wish, which gives you an audience of at least three people if you feel like talking. ROTARIAN H. ROE BARTLE, of Kansas City, Mo., often does, and Rotary always creeps in. "What, Mr. Bartle," the manicurist asked the other day, "is this ROTARIAN Magazine you are always talking about?" And

Photo: Canadian National Railways



professor of radiodontia in the College of Dentistry, University of Southern California. The book simplifies and standardizes radiodontic texts, contains 355 engravings and 374 pages, and is priced at \$7.

'Pasts' Present. Of the 12 Past Presidents of the Rotary Club of Panhandle, Tex., but one is deceased. Where are the 11 others? Still very much in the Club and on the job, thanks. No chance for Past Presidents to sit and gloom here. They're put to work—and they like it.

Groom. A grooming ground for international Convention speakers—the Rotary Club of Halifax, N. S., Can., wonders if it couldn't style itself that. The facts are that the Club has supplied five principal speakers at Rotary Conventions during the past 20 years. They are: DR. DONALD A. MACRAE, at Kansas City, Mo., 1918; REV. DR. CLARENCE MACKINNON (recently deceased), at Atlantic City, 1920; HON. J. L. RALSTON, at Los Angeles, Calif., 1922; REV. MACKINNON, Cleveland, Ohio, 1925; CHARLES J. BURCHELL, at Nice, France, 1937.

Oddment. Between *Roberts* and *regularity* there seems to be a definite correlation. Maybe the psychologists could figure it out. Last November these pages presented FRANK K. ROBERTS, of Santa Cruz, Calif., because of his 100 percent attendance in his own Club for

16 years. Shortly afterward, ROTARIAN ROBERTS received a note from the Rotary Club of Port Arthur, Ont., Canada, saying, ". . . You will be interested in hearing that our member FRANK D. ROBERTS . . . also has a perfect record for 18 years, with the exception of two meetings missed in April, 1927, when he was confined to the hospital through injuries received in a motor accident. . . ."

'Lung.' To the city of San Antonio, Tex., PORTER LORING, a member of the San Antonio Rotary Club, has given an "iron lung," a mechanical respirator for use in cases of infantile paralysis. To the gift he has attached this res-



Porter Loring, "Friend of Humanity."

ervation: that "it shall be available to anyone who needs it, regardless of race, color, or station in life, and without cost." The "lung" aids the breathing of patients whose respiratory muscles are paralyzed, by alternately contracting the chest and filling the lungs with air. Respirators of the model given by ROTARIAN LORING are said to cost about \$2,400. A scroll of honor hailing him as a "Friend of Humanity" was recently given ROTARIAN LORING at a banquet 500 San Antonians held in his honor.

600. After they've attended 600 consecutive meetings of their own or of some other Rotary Club, members of the Rotary Club of Woodstock, Ont., Canada, receive the Club's prized "600 button." In a recent meeting NORMAN SMITH, a charter member whose Rotary attendance has been 100 percent from the very start, was given the award. GOVERNOR GEOFFREY A. WHEABLE, of District 152, honored speaker of the day, made the presentation.

Memorial. A neat 56-page *Memorial Book to Robert Edwin Peary (Discoverer of the North Pole)* has been sponsored through publication by the Rotary Club of Cresson, Pa. MERCEDES BUCK is the author of the book, which traces the life, expeditions, and memorial honors of the explorer whose birthplace was Cresson. DR. LOUIS A. WESNER, President of the Club, wrote the introduction and contributed sketches.

Salute. Seven years of service have been ROTARIAN HARRISON E. HOWE's gift to Rotary's Magazine Committee. An editor himself (of *Industrial and Engineering Chemistry*), his insight into the problems of publishing was recognized by reappointments that extended his membership on the Committee from its origin in 1930, to 1937—a Magazine Committee record. A scroll citing him for his service, executed and signed by the present Committee and by

Answer to the chairman's prayer! Gavel presented to Rotarian J. S. Sprott, office-supply manufacturer, of Cincinnati, Ohio, by a Wisconsin firm.



ROTARIAN staffmen, was presented to him in a meeting of his home Club, Washington, D. C. ROBERT E. LEE HILL, Past International President and now Committee Chairman, did the honors.

Honors. More than 300 educators, business leaders, and others attended inauguration ceremonies in which DR. WARREN PALMER BEHAN was recently installed as president of Sioux Falls (So. Dak.) College. On the same day he was voted into the membership of the Rotary Club of Sioux Falls. DR. BEHAN was formerly a member of the Rotary Club of Ottawa, Kans., where he had been associated with Ottawa University for 15 years. . . . As a token of their thanks for his assistance to Rotary, Rotarians of the 25th District (Cuba) have presented ROTARIAN FELIPE SILVA, of Cienfuegos, with a bronze plaque. Rotary's President, MAURICE DUVERREY, on his tour of the Americas, made the presentation. . . . ROTARIAN LUIS MACHADO, of Havana, Cuba, has been named president of the National Tourist Corporation of Cuba. . . . ROTARIAN G. W. ("JUDGE") BYINGTON, of Clarksville, Ark., because of his service and at-

tendance records, was honored with a gift at an intercity meeting. . . . ROTARIAN THOMAS J. TURLEY, of Boston, Mass., has been elected president of the Boston City-Wide Boys' Work Conference, which is composed of over 50 organizations doing boys work in the city. . . . ROTARIAN EARL B. PADGETT, of Springfield, Ohio, is chairman of a committee appointed by the Association of American Railroads to formulate a new operating code to be filed with the Interstate Commerce Commission and observed by every railroad in the United States. . . . The 12th Annual Community Service Award of the Rotary Club of Nebraska City, Nebr., was presented recently to WALTER A. WESSEL, who has been a Nebraska City merchant for 30 years.

Side Lights. PAUL P. HARRIS, President Emeritus of Rotary International, is in print once more, this time with an interesting little book titled *Side Lights on the 1937 Convention and a Post Convention Tour of the Islands of the British Seas*. Officers, District Governors, and Committeemen of Rotary International have been sent gift copies.

—THE MAN WITH THE SCRATCHPAD.



Rotarian Almanack 1938

We live, but a world has passed away
With the years that perished to make us men.
—William Dean Howells.

JANUARY
—is the first month
of the year, has 31
fresh, bright days.



A swallow friend who often swales over 35 East Wacker Drive in Chicago, insists that the Pure Oil Building (which houses Rotary's Central Office) looks like this. It may. Its 9th floor will, for sure, be as busy during January with Board and Committee meetings, as the sketch seems to predict.

—YE MAN WITH
YE SCRATCHPAD.

- 1—1938, Day for swabbing off last year's slate, jotting noble resolves on the clean surface.
- 1911, First issue of THE NATIONAL ROTARIAN, a 12-page newspaper containing the current philosophy of Rotary and news from the Clubs, comes off the press.
- 1911, The Rotary Club of Portland, Oreg., subscribes \$2,000 for entertainment purposes and publicity as a lure for the second Convention of the National Association of Rotary Clubs.
- "Right-Hand Men's Night" is held in the Rotary Club of Chicago. Each member brings the business associate who is his right-hand man.
- 10—1938, Rotary's Magazine Committee opens a two-day session in Chicago.
- 14—1924, Australia's first Rotary round-table luncheon is held in Sydney.
- 17—1938, The Board of Directors of Rotary International for 1937-38 convenes for a week-long meeting in Chicago.
- 22—1912, From a meeting of the Rotary Club of San Francisco, Calif., comes the suggestion that Rotary's birthday (February 23) be observed by all Clubs.

Total Rotary Clubs in the world (Dec. 3, 1937), 4,433; and the total number of Rotarians (estimated) 187,900.





Don't be fooled! These men aren't miners. They're members of the Rotary Club of Schuylkill Haven, Pa., and they've just come up from the 1,200-foot level of a coal mine they visited. Why the grins and jauntiness? Could it be relief, maybe?

Rotary Around the World

Portugal

Way to Keep Up with Times

Oporto—"Up with the times" is more than a pleasant platitude in the Rotary Club of Oporto. In the first ten minutes of each meeting the Club discusses current events or members explain late technical developments in their fields.

The Netherlands

Fellowship? This Way, Please!

AMSTERDAM—Two pleasant approaches to fellowship are these, finds the Rotary Club of Amsterdam: group meetings held in the homes of members, the Club membership separating into small gatherings of six or eight; daily roundtable meetings.

Denmark

No Time for Loneliness

That strangeness one feels in a new city—Rotarians visiting in Denmark aren't given time to experience it. Taking their cue from the Rotary Club of Aarhus, Clubs in Denmark have members who are ready at a moment's notice to call on a visitor, show him the city, or conduct him on his business rounds.

Japan

Round the Table in Tokyo

TOKYO—Daily roundtable luncheons, popular in many other large Rotary Clubs, have been instituted by the Rotary Club of Tokyo. They are now held every noon except Wednesday, which is the regular meeting day.

Sweden

Young Estonia Looks at Sweden

To strengthen the bond of friendship and understanding between the two nations, the Swedish Rotary District (Number 78) is supporting nine young Estonian students this year.

*Downnn by thee yollld meel streecm!
and other nostalgic ballads enjoyed
an inning when Rotarians of Mon-
roe, Mich., got together for an eve-
ning of fellowship on the beach as
guests of Past President A. Wuest.*

It did the same last year. Rotarians of District 78 last year also supported about 30 students from the Baltic States who enrolled in a five-week course in economics and sociology in the high schools of Stockholm.

Australia

Thoroughly International

MELBOURNE—An international luncheon which the Rotary Club of Melbourne held not long ago was international in more than name. All consuls and trade commissioners stationed in Melbourne were invited and Club members were asked to bring guests who had begun life in other lands.

Rumania

70 See How Others Work

PLÖEȘTI—Intercity meetings are just about the same—and are pleasant—wherever they're held. In Rumania, the Rotary Clubs of Bucharest, Brașov, Campina, and Ploesti held such a gath-

ering not long ago in the latter city. The company of 70 made an industrial tour of the day, stopping first at a refinery managed by a Rotarian, moving on then to a market designed by a Rotarian architect, and calling last at a wire-rope works, belting factory, and foundry managed also by a Rotarian. Refreshments were served at each of the stops and a luncheon ended the day.

France

Refugee Fund Reaches Fr. 100,000

PARIS—To the fund for the care of Rotarian refugees of the war in Spain have been contributed Fr. 100,306, according to Mariano Font, Paris Rotarian in charge of the fund. The largest single contribution received just recently was Fr. 20,000 from the Rotary Club of Brussels, Belgium. Loans total Fr. 32,767. Rotarian Font estimates that so far the fund has assisted less than 6 percent of the total number of Rotarians living outside of Spain as refugees, and

Photo: Lawrence Frost



When Joseph J. Mottell, of the Long Beach, Calif., Rotary Club, has a birthday, it means a party for children in local day nurseries. The happy annual event is 15 years old.

Radio sets for use in classroom instruction in public schools of Montgomery, Ala.—a Rotary Club gift—being presented (below) to the superintendent and school principals.



Photo: Stanley Paulger

explains that it has been necessary to seek out the refugee families in need. The fund is not administered as charity, but rather as loans to be paid back when conditions permit. Most of the refugees have tried to live in France and Italy and elsewhere without seeking help. To avoid drawing upon the fund for clothing, Rotarian Font has collected clothing from French Rotarians and has distributed it among those needing it. Speaking of typical Rotarian refugees, Rotarian Font says, "They are timid; they do



not dare to come and see me, even when I know they are in great need. I have to insist almost upon their accepting our loan." He also remarks, "I regret and am a little surprised that the contributions from North America have been so few. Aren't North American Rotarians interested in their fellow Rotarians of Spain?"

China

\$1,000 for War Refugees

PEIPING—For the relief of war refugees in the neighborhood, the Rotary Club of Peiping has contributed \$1,000, dividing the gift equally between the Salvation Army and the Chinese Christian Church Union.

Canada

\$80,000 Make Delinquency Drop

MEDICINE HAT, ALTA.—Fourteen years ago the juvenile court in Medicine Hat handled 44 cases in 12 months. Today the same court has to deal with only two or three cases in a similar period. What's responsible? The Rotary Club, says the city probation officer. Its extensive Community Service program, which has provided swimming pools, playgrounds, parks, etc., and which has supported every organization working for the public good, is the reason behind the gratifying slump in juvenile delinquency, he explains. The Club has raised over

\$80,000 for civic purposes since it first launched into civic service. That means about \$1,600 per member. During the last Rotary year the Club spent \$10,254 in services to Medicine Hat. The sum, an achievement for a Club of 49 members in a community of approximately 10,000 people, was spent thus: swimming pool, \$7,400; milk fund, \$500; Christmas cheer, \$459; rural-school libraries, \$266; student loan, \$200; dental work, \$166; schoolbooks, \$142; grants to schools—coronation celebrations, \$175; National Institute for the Blind, \$150; public-school hockey, \$100; scholarships, \$100; improvements to park, \$100; Graduate Nurses Association, \$100; Boy Scouts, \$50; clinical treatment for girl, \$75; artificial leg, \$75; serum and vaccine, \$91; Salvation Army Christmas tree, \$10; eye glasses for children, \$59; clothing and sundries, \$36.

India

Eat Your Spinach

CALCUTTA—Do you eat greens and drink milk at your house? It will probably be some such question as that which doctors will ask school children in Calcutta one of these days. The Rotary Club has drawn up an ideal diet for school children and is enlisting a number of doctors who will examine the children to see if they receive proper nourishment at home.

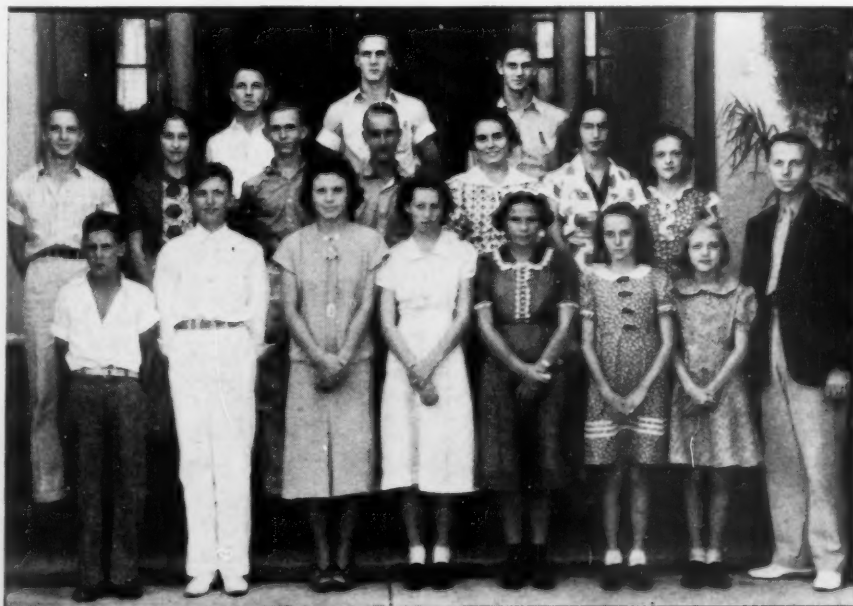
United States

Footballers Eat, Don't Talk

BEARDSTOWN, ILL.—Their appetites undiminished by the necessity of "remarks after dinner," the entire football squad of the local high school were guests of honor at a weekly meeting of the Beardstown Rotary Club—thanks to the generosity of Rotarian William Doyle. Featured speaker of the evening was Johnnie Watts, University of Illinois football scout.

Blend Soil of 40 Nations

ALBION, N. Y.—In the blended soils of 40 nations the Rotary Club of Albion will plant an American elm tree next Spring. To two-score Rotary Clubs in overseas countries, the Club has sent letters requesting one-pound pack-



Meet the student luncheon club of Avon Park (Fla.) High School! Meetings occur once a week. Services to the school community are numerous. Rotarian Stanley Reeves (extreme right) is advisor. The Avon Park Rotary Club helps on expenses.



This modern miss (left) is using a just-as-modern library in Sylacauga, Ala., built by civic groups inspired by the Sylacauga Rotary Club. . . . Rotarians of Colorado Springs, Colo., polish off a fish fry (below), proceeds to go to crippled children.

ages of native earth, and response promises to be good. To Dr. Walter B. Martin, President of the Club, goes credit for the idea of the "goodwill tree."

Finds a Future in Cigars

TARRYTOWN, N. Y.—"I'm stumped! I don't know what to do for the boy." It was something like this that a social service agent told the Crippled Children Committee of the Rotary Club of Tarrytown three years ago. He was speaking of a boy hopelessly crippled in both legs. The lad's father once supported him, but now was blind and could help no longer. The young man suggested a cigar and candy stand. And with money loaned him by the Club he soon set up such a business. He paid off in short order his note which had bought his stock and had given him a several months' start. His business has so expanded that he has moved into larger and better quarters. Though he's still as crippled as ever, his spirit has been completely rebuilt.

Show Students 50 Ways to Livelihood

CHICAGO HEIGHTS, ILL.—"The modern world makes it extremely difficult for any boy or girl to select a vocation." The Rotary Club of Chicago Heights was agreed on that. How to help was the question. This was the answer: Juniors and seniors in three high schools listed on a questionnaire the three vocations about which they would like information. Some nights later the Club sponsored a Vocational Guidance Conference in which adults experienced in 34 different professions and trades spoke to and answered questions for the students. The program ran this way: The entire assembly listened first to a half hour of music, then to a talk on finding



Photo: J. W. Gilles

jobs, by Charles W. Ward, a Past District Governor, now loan officer of Northwestern University. Separating into groups of 30 or 40, the students, under the tutelage of the adults, then studied everything from accounting to nursing to teaching.

Greetings Easily Understood

ROCK ISLAND, ILL.—To every newly organized Rotary Club in Latin-American countries, the Rotary Club of Rock Island sends a letter of greeting and good wishes. The letters are written in Spanish, or Portuguese, as the case requires, and Past District Governor John W. Casto prepares them, a job in which he takes especial interest. He has spent considerable time in Mexico. Replies show that the Clubs appreciate the good wishes.

Plan for Parks and Playgrounds

BERGENFIELD, N. J.—When the Rotary Club of Bergenfield and the Kiwanis Club of Schraalenburgh Valley, N. J., recently held "the biggest interclub meeting ever staged in these parts," United States Senator A. Harry Moore addressed the 100 present as principal speaker. He en-

couraged the clubs to get their hearts into the parks and playgrounds program upon which they have set out together. This was the third annual joint meeting of the two service clubs.

Make Milk into Muscle

HORNELL, N. Y.—How 2,100 quarts of milk and heaps of vegetables and meat and bread became 300 pounds of childish muscle makes a good story and one Rotarians of Hornell are happy to tell. That transformation took place last Summer in the Fresh Air Camp which the Club operates for children. Some years back one of the Club members donated a bit of land for the use of the local Tuberculosis Society which the Club had been helping. Seeing an opportunity to serve, the Club erected a camp building on the land at a cost of \$8,000. It includes dining, living, and play rooms, dormitories, and is well furnished. With other organizations, it supports a dietician, an assistant, a play director, and a registered nurse, and maintains the camp for three three-week camping periods each Summer. The camp accommodates 25 children at a time. The youngsters are furnished with clothing, make amazing gains in weight. They come from homes too poor to afford the care the camp gives.

'There's a Long, Long Trail . . .'

BALTIMORE, MD.—Tunes of the War years recalled the days of 1918 to members of the Baltimore Rotary Club in a celebration it held on Armistice Day. Veterans of foreign wars sat at special tables. *Economic Tensions As a Cause of War* was the address of the day.

Boost for a Brother

LILLINGTON, N. C.—Speaking of boosts for a brother—when the new Rotary Club of Lillington received its charter, Rotarians and their wives from almost every one of the 40 Rotary Clubs of North Carolina gathered to observe the event. J. Shepard Bryan, Governor of Rotary District 188, was on hand to present the charter. Cleveland Thayer, a Past District Governor, offered the address. A banquet and dance were popular parts of the program.

A Banker's Big Day

WICHITA, KANS.—A banker has some big days in his bank, but Rotarian C. Q. Chandler, of Wichita, would probably tell you that his biggest day has nothing to do with his business. It has everything to do with the circus party he gives Kansas crippled children. As his guests,

Handsomeness and happiness were evident in the charter dinner of the Rotary Club of Bacolod (below), newest Club in Philippine Islands.



Rotary's European Advisory Committee meeting, Zagreb, Yugoslavia:

(From left to right, sitting) Tollet, Finland; Koos, Hungary; Benson, England; Bossi, Switzerland; Banner, England; Warren, England; Pons, France; Bailod, Switzerland; Popescu, Rumania; Belfrage, Sweden; Buning (Chairman), Netherlands; Mliparic (Zagreb Club President); Alaupovic, Yugoslavia; Gray, member-at-large; Boshkoff, Bulgaria; Markovic, Yugoslavia; Trolle, Sweden; Merton, Egypt; Couibes, France; Teves, Netherlands; Almy, England. (From left to right, standing) Zepic, Yugoslavia; Kukk, Estonia; Robinson, England; Olsen, Norway; Neuwirt, Czechoslovakia; Verrall Reed, England; Gerbel, Greece; Schneiderhan, Austria; Lefort, France; Struthers (Secretary); Miss Achaud (Assistant Secretary); Loth, Poland; Ipsen, Denmark; Hyka, Czechoslovakia; Vandenhoute, of Belgium; Prager, of Switzerland.



Photos: (left) Donegari; (below) Sunrise Studio

220 crippled children from 11 counties in Kansas, who were brought to Wichita for the day by service clubs and other civic groups, ate hamburgers, drank pop, and then went to the afternoon program of "the biggest circus on earth," one day during the Fall. Rotarian Chandler is the founder and president of the Kansas Society for Crippled Children.

And So to Lunch

COLUMBIA, S. C.—"Next to Christmas, what day in the year do you like best?" The answer, if you were to ask orphan children in Columbia that question, would probably be, "The big Rotary party." Once a year, just before the fairgrounds close, the Club gathers up all the youngsters in several institutions and takes them to the fair, escorts them around among the "rides" and side shows, gives them a big lunch on a table right out on the grounds, and returns them safely to their home when dusk lowers.

Day for the Children

BUTLER, PA.—It's a big family that gathers when the Rotary Club of Butler rounds up its "foster children"—meaning the Rotary Clubs it has sponsored. Not long ago Butler Rotarians were hosts to those Clubs: Kittanning, Ellwood City, Zelienople, and Slippery Rock, all in Pennsylvania. The afternoon saw tugs of war, wheelbarrow contests, a corn-husking tournament, and old-timers' races; the evening, a banquet. Twelve Past Presidents of the Butler Club were present and the gathering totalled 165 men.

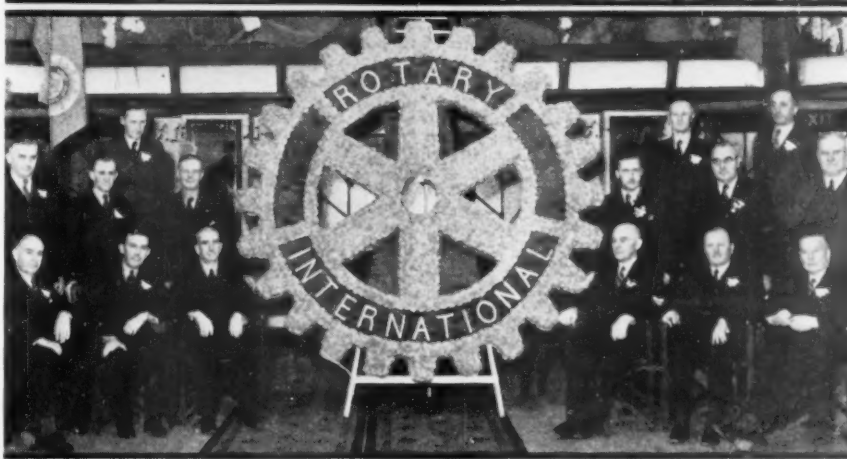
Coöperation in Quincy

QUINCY, MASS.—Quincy townfolk who know nothing about the Kiwanis and Rotary Clubs in their city have no excuse—if they can read. Not long ago the Quincy Patriot Ledger used every column inch of its front page to describe in photos and words the personnel and work of the two service clubs. The "news peg" on which the stories were hung was a joint meeting of the clubs at which John MacGregor, Governor of Rotary District 197, and Everett W. Ireland, New England governor of Kiwanis, were honored speakers. Members' ladies were present also to enjoy the dinner, program, and dancing. Kiwanians were the hosts.

Youngster at Michigan State?

LANSING, MICH.—For Rotarians' sons and daughters attending Michigan State College the Rotary Club of Lansing plans to give a party in February. If you've a youngster there, you'll please the Club by forwarding his or her name to Clarence E. Rogers, Secretary of the Rotary Club, No. 6 Strand Arcade, Lansing, Mich.

Recorded by rambling Rotary cameras: (from the top down) Pioneer citizens honored recently in a meeting of the Rotary Club of Azusa, Calif. . . . Rotary wheel of 5,000 flowers, flanked by well-known Rotarians at a Conference of District 65 at Hobart, Australia. . . . Some of the 60 boys and girls who competed in the junior tennis tournament staged by the Rotary Club of Las Vegas, N. Mex. . . . A few of the Rotarians and their ladies present at the Third International Roundup of the Rotary Club of Minot, No. Dak. Sixteen Canadian and U. S. A. Clubs were represented.



Photos: (2nd from top) Courtesy, Hobart Mercury. (3rd) Paul Odor

The Hobbyhorse Hitching Post

A Corner Devoted to the Hobbies of Rotarians and Their Families

PALEONTOLOGY may sound like a pretty ponderous hobby—and if you're thinking in terms of hundredweights, it is. At any rate it's one that has brought ROTARIAN DR. A. P. OUSDAL, an osteopath of Santa Barbara, Calif., praise from the Smithsonian Institution, the attention of all his neighbors, and much fun for himself. GRACE TILTON, daughter-in-law of a San Pedro, Calif., Rotarian, tells the story.

Unearthing the petrified bones of animals and fish, as well as plant life, that lived millions of years ago in California—that is ROTARIAN OUSDAL's hobby. State Street, in their day, was a stamping ground for dinosaurs, wild elephants, and mastodons with jaws like steam shovels. California's climate hadn't yet got into the newspapers!

To be a good fossil hunter, or paleontologist, DR. OUSDAL says it is necessary to know at what kind of rocks to look for petrified remains. The expert does not dig blindly. Often he will decide that a certain area which is surrounded by productive beds doesn't look right. The chances are that there will not be any fossils there.

Much of the field work consists of walking slowly back and forth, up and down, looking for teeth on the slopes, or for a bone protruding from a bed through which a stream has cut. When he finds a lead, DR. OUSDAL uses his pick and shovel, working very gently. First, he brushes the loose surface debris away with whiskbrooms and small paintbrushes. Next, he uses a coat of shellac to bind the tiny cracks in the specimen and the fragile surrounding matrix. He knows from a single protruding joint or section of a bone what part of the fossil animal it comes from, but he often wonders what kind of beast it is until he sees a few teeth. Then the good Doctor can diagnose!

As a little excavation exposes more of the specimen, he sticks small strips of rice paper to the bone with a brush dipped in shellac. Farther in the rock away from the surface, both bone and matrix are harder and less broken. At last, perhaps several days later, the whole fossil has been disclosed and treated. He digs a trench around it and under it as far as possible without danger of its toppling off the pedestal so formed. He then takes bandages of burlap which have been dipped into thin plaster of Paris batter and puts them around the specimen, thus allowing it to set. When dry, the plaster jacket containing the prize is turned over and plastered on the base. There! The specimen is finished.

Dinosaurs may or may not have inhabited the Santa Barbara region in the prehistoric days, but mastodons did, according to DR. OUSDAL. He has unearthed a perfect fossilized specimen of the upper teeth of a mastodon, still set in the fossilized bone of the jaw. This is the first positive discovery of mastodon traces to be made in this section.

One of the most interesting early animals is Eohippus, the Dawn horse. DR. OUSDAL has some very good specimens in his clinic-laboratory. There was little about Eohippus to suggest a horse; he was more like a dog in size. He was the commonest of fossils in the Lower Eocene beds.

Many other animals shared ancient California with the early horse. Small monkeys scampered about near banks of sluggish streams and shrieked at crocodiles in the water. Dense for-

ests with many hackberry trees thrived. The bird tribe included waders and some gigantic types over six feet tall which could not fly with their feeble wings. Success was not a matter of size, even in those prehistoric days!

The largest land animals that ever lived, some of the dinosaurs, had all died before little Eohippus appeared. Their remains have not been found in rocks above those of the Upper Cretaceous Age. DR. OUSDAL dreams of finding one in this region.

How would you like to saunter through a small forest of fossils, a rock garden built up entirely of fossil specimens? Instead of radishes and roses in the garden back of his home, the energetic Doctor has a small outdoor museum. Here he has every type of fossil, from the tiniest shells to the mammoth specimens, classified as to their age as well as to their importance to science.

While this paleontologist, by avocation, works alone, he has the forces of the Smithsonian Insti-

tution at his command. They are deeply interested in his valuable hobby and have pledged themselves to help him in every way.

What's Your Hobby?

Like to compare notes on your hobby with others who single-foot along on the same kind of steed? Here's a chance—if you're a Rotarian or member of a Rotarian's family. Just write to one of the following. If you'd like to be listed here, merely say as much to THE GROOM.

Stamps: Chas. L. Bigler (would like to exchange U. S. A. stamps for "foreign" with collectors in other countries or exchange with American collectors), Goodland, Kans.

Book Plates: Alexander Murdoch & Family (would like to exchange plates with Rotarians of the U. S. A. and other lands), 1400 Squirrel Hill Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

—THE HOBBYHORSE GROOM.

Rotarian Ousdal, a fossil-hunting hobbyist, whose garden flows with rocks, not radishes.



Photos: (below) Hoffman; (right) Faulding's



What They're Saying

Pithy bits of opinion and observation gleaned from Rotary Club addresses, from Club and regional publications, and from other sources.

What Man Thinks, He Is

You may say, "I am not responsible for my character. I did not make it and I cannot change it. I am as helpless as the thistle down that blows in the breeze." If that were true, we might as well close up all our Rotary Clubs and quit. But it is not true; a thousand times No! A man is responsible for his character, because he makes his character by what he thinks, and every man carries around with him a dynamic force, by the proper understanding and use of which he makes himself just what he wants to be.

CECIL C. FRESTON, Rotarian
Tampico, Mexico

Rotary's Real Danger

After many thousands of miles of journeyings up and down this District and many hours of meditation and reflection accompanying those journeyings, I conclude that there is only one real danger confronting us and militating against complete success. That danger is complacency. Without anything personal, expressed or im-

plied, may I record my conviction that satisfaction with the past program, history, and accomplishments of any Club is fatal to the virility and growth of that Club? And may I leave with you as my final suggestion, and I do it in all kindness, that each one of you check up your own Club with the firm conviction that the ideal has not been reached, and that the best days may yet be, should indeed be, ahead.

GEORGE D. RYDER, Rotarian
Cobleskill, New York

Minds and Parachutes

Minds are like parachutes and function only when they are open. I am not impressed so much by the great diversity of the different views and schools of thought as I am by the true things that may be gathered from each of them. Like the theme of that popular song of a few years ago, "there is a little bit of good in every bad thing." We need in this day a citizenry and leaders who will not only be hard and honest thinkers, but also open-minded enough to realize that extremes are always un-

desirable. Too sweet is as bad as too bitter, too hot is as bad as too cold, too much is as bad as too little. The moderate, middle ground is usually the one that is nearest to perfection. Yet, we must not be too impatient with those holding opinions that are extremely opposite from our own. They, too, have a useful purpose in the scheme of life. By demonstrating the location of the opposite extreme, by showing us where the other end of the road is, by pointing out some of the faults and flaws in our own position, we are assisted in locating and adhering to the safety of the middle course.

ABRAHAM GLOVSKY, *Rotarian*

Beverly, Massachusetts
(In a Rotary Club address)

Credit Rotary

Let it be clearly understood that in whatever directions a supranational spirit is developed in the world, Rotary is to be credited with a major influence.

DR. JOHN H. CUNNINGHAM, *Hon. Rotarian*

Winston-Salem, North Carolina

(In an address to his Rotary Club)

When the World Sobers

Rotary has played her part and played it well, keeping only to the things that count, however trite they seem now—development of goodwill and understanding by all nations and all creeds through world fellowship. Rotary has had the courage to keep to her ideals where others have failed. When the world sobers and the real things in life are again recognized as such, Rotary will be rooted deeper in the hearts of us all—and a still greater urge for service will emerge. Rotary, we believe, has not been wrong.

WILLIAM M. CAREW, *Rotarian*
Vineland, New Jersey

Greet the Visitor

Whenever I have taken it upon myself (for my own personal pleasure and edification), to welcome [Rotary Club] visitors, I have run across some rather interesting coincidences. For example, I have "accidentally" met men from other Clubs who have held the same classification as mine, some who turned out to be fraternity brothers, others who knew various friends of mine "back home." . . . It is with such pleasant occasions in mind that I recommend that, so far as possible, each member of every Rotary Club make it a point personally to introduce himself to the weekly visitors. Not alone that the latter may feel warmly welcomed, but, rather, that more and more of the friendly and lasting contacts in Rotary may be formed by all who would increase their friendships and extend their acquaintances.

SAM R. WARD, *Rotarian*
Buffalo, New York

To Measure a Man

Measure a man generously by what he has accomplished. Only a fool dismisses a man because of his face, his name, or his manner of praying.

FRANK ENGER
New York, New York

(From his collection of wise saws on current business.)

Whither Rotary?

Where is Rotary going? Rotary International in Convention assembled, deliberates and resolves where Rotary *should* go, and points the way to usefulness in four directions. The International Officers and Directors set up the necessary machinery so that Rotary *can* go where it *should*, but neither of these bodies determines

where Rotary *shall* go, nor do these District Conferences, with the Governors and their staffs, decide where Rotary *shall* go. In our local Clubs we think that our President and Secretary and the other Officers and Directors are the whole show, but even they don't decide where Rotary shall go. It is you and I, who sit on the side lines and watch the parade go by. We decide where Rotary shall go. We may say no word or make no sound, but we are the court of last resort. We decide, not in our meetings, but all *through* the week, in offices, stores, and shops, in homes, on the streets, in laboratories and operating rooms, in hotels and restaurants, on railroad trains, in automobiles, airplanes, and motorboats, in churches, clubs, lodges, lobbies, in schools and libraries, in courtrooms, council chambers, and counting houses.

LEWIS T. BRIGGS, *Rotarian*

Erie, Pennsylvania

(In an address to a Conference of District 27—now the 169th)

Automatic Improvement

Your task and mine, the supreme task of every leader of life and thought is primarily and fundamentally to develop better men, finer character, more wholesome personality, and the spirit of selfless service in ourselves and in those whom we influence. This will automatically improve all human relationships.

REV. M. E. DODD, *Rotarian*

Shreveport, Louisiana

(In an address to his Rotary Club)

Yield of Friendship

Not very long ago I had the honor and satisfaction of visiting the Republic of Chile as an "intercountry speaker," and had the good fortune to address 25 Rotary Clubs in that country. I can affirm that the contacts developed on that occasion have been so effective that it has been said that a visit of this sort is equal to the most useful collaboration which diplomatic services could have produced. The interchanging

of ideas, sentiments, understanding of necessities and aspirations, and all that which can serve toward living together better, passed before us on the occasion of these visits in a pleasing succession of perspectives which are already yielding their harvest.

FERNANDO CARBAJAL, *Rotarian*

Lima, Peru

(In an address to the 1937 International Assembly)

New in Name Only

Rotary, except in name, was not new in 1905. Even its method of memberships, based on vocational classification, existed long before. In London there was a social club whose members were thus chosen—one from each business or profession. But the English prototype lacked the idealism and enthusiasm of Rotary. Benjamin Franklin founded a club in Philadelphia based on the classification plan. And at Strasbourg, now removed to Nancy, "La Societe des Philanthropes" was almost identical with Rotary in idealism and purpose. But the founders of Rotary knew nothing of any of these organizations until long after the birth of Rotary.

JOHN H. KEEN, *Rotarian*

Austin, Texas

(In an address to his Rotary Club)

Discipline for Minds

We must by a severer mental discipline, which shall end only with life itself, develop and broaden our intellectual and spiritual powers to that high plane which will make us masters of world progress and development, instead of being enslaved by them. The precepts of Rotary set out those very things as tasks for us to perform. Just how well and how effectively we are to perform them depends upon how seriously we consider the obligation placed upon us by becoming Rotarians.

LESLIE W. BRANCH, *Rotarian*

Hilo, Hawaii

(In an address to the Rotary Club of Hilo, Hawaii)

The Kiver-to-Kiver Klub

USUALLY when a man joins a club, he expects to get something *after* his association. But with the Kiver-to-Kiver Klub it's different, for he gets that "something" *before* he joins, which is a knowledge of what's between the covers of the current issue of THE ROTARIAN.

Ten questions appear below. Decide what you believe are the correct answers. Look on page 63—and if you have at least eight of the ten correct—a score of 80—consider yourself a welcome addition to the Kiver-to-Kiver Klub!

1. In the unicameral legislature in Nebraska, how does the number of members compare with the former (bicameral) system?

Larger. Smaller. Same number.

2. William Lyon Phelps includes John Beatty's *Swords in the Dawn* among his "ten best" fiction books of 1937. This book is about—

Duelling.

Early morning exercises.

Fifth Century Angles, Jutes, and Danes.

3. According to Doron K. Antrim, Dr. Joseph E. Maddy's radio broadcasts consist of—

Lectures on health.

Music lessons for beginners.

Humorous sketches.

4. In 1936, says Home, *Lethal Home*, fatalities in the United States were greater resulting from—

Traffic accidents. Home accidents.

5. Rotary International's Office for Asia is located at—

Tokyo. Singapore. Calcutta.

6. John B. Tompkins writes of a "dream highway" which is to run from—

California to New York.

Winnipeg, Canada, to Miami, Fla.

Alaska to the Argentine.

7. The use of "stool pigeons" in large prisons, say the authors of *On Guard with Prison Guards*—

Is the usual practice.

Is the exception.

8. To support his argument for bicameral legislatures, Arthur Meighen quotes a famous American. His name:

Woodrow Wilson. Ulysses S. Grant.

George Washington. Alexander Hamilton.

9. When Hendrik Willem van Loon asked, "Is life really worth while?" what renowned scientist replied, "With all its dreadfulness, life is so terribly interesting, for there is always the unknown?"

Thomson. Einstein. Millikan.

10. Who was the man who suggested a conference out of which grew the International Postal Union?

Franklin. Caesar. von Stephan.

One-House Legislatures?

Yes—George W. Norris

[Continued from page 11]

session was 12 days shorter than in 1935. Only about half as many bills were introduced, but more were passed in 1937.

There was no Conference Committee to thwart the majority's will. Committees were small and meetings were arranged so that no Senator had more than one committee meeting a day. Public hearings were held on all bills before committees, with notice of the hearing posted five days in advance. Any member could demand and get a roll call on any measure before the Legislature.

If anyone expected the millennium to follow the setting up of the one-house Legislature, he was, and must in the future continue to be, disappointed. There was much criticism of the last Nebraska session, some of it honest and constructive, some of it selfish. There was an unfortunate tendency, even among fair-minded people, to criticize the unicameral Legislature if they did not get what they wanted, and to praise it if they did.

For instance, I have many letters and some editorials criticizing the Legislature and condemning the unicameral idea because Nebraska's Legislature defeated the Federal Child-Labor Amendment, although the same Amendment was defeated by several preceding bicameral Legislatures. On the other hand, I have similar letters and editorials praising the Legislature and commending the unicameral idea on the ground that the Child-Labor Amendment was defeated. I am very much in favor of the Child-Labor Amendment, but I realize the question has two sides and I do not see how the Legislature's action on this or any specific question affects the fundamental idea back of the change from a two- to a one-branch legislature.

Some people said that in the last Nebraska session there were more lobbyists buzzing around the Legislature than formerly. There are all kinds of lobbies, some of them desirable, and every group has a right to be heard. Perhaps lobbyists were permitted too much freedom. The Legislature itself has the power to control that. It cannot be denied that the first Nebraska unicameral session brought the lobbyists more into the open and helped the voters see more clearly what legislator was the friend of any particular group.

It has been said that the Legislature appropriated more money than any preceding Legislature. This is perfectly natural. The distress into which the de-

pression plunged the country made increased appropriations necessary, and while there may be difference of opinion as to the justification for certain particular items, I have not yet heard anyone point out any appropriation that is dishonest, dishonorable, or reprehensible.

One of the evils of our present legislatures is that they are entirely too large. In theory, a large legislature is supposed to give to that body more complete representation of the entire citizenry. In practice, however, it has been demonstrated that a membership too large is detrimental to real representation of the people. A large body of men is not deliberative, and in order to accomplish any legislative results they must necessarily surrender many of their independent rights and prerogatives to the party leader or to committees. In large bodies, members must deny themselves, in some degree at least, the right of debate, and even the right to offer amendments.

THE number of members that ought to comprise a legislature would undoubtedly vary somewhat. Where there are varied and conflicting interests involved, the membership ought to be larger. The exact number can be fixed by the legislature itself. The Nebraska unicameral Legislature has the power to fix its size at not less than 30 nor more than 50 members. The present size of 43 was determined upon after studying carefully how the people of the State would best be represented, but the Legislature is free to redistrict if it sees fit.

It is extremely important that the members of a legislature should be paid a sufficient salary to enable them to study and consider the various propositions of

legislation, and it must be remembered that whenever we increase the membership, we increase the burden of the taxpayer. It is significant that the Nebraska unicameral Legislature pays each of its members almost twice as much as members of previous Legislatures received, while the cost of the 1937 Legislature was less than three-fourths that of the 1935 session.

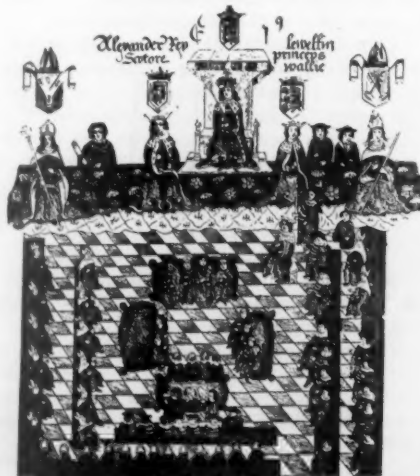
As a step in the one-house plan, members of legislatures should be elected on a nonpartisan ballot. The State ought to be a business institution. Its government should be conducted on business principles. The issues which divide the great political parties in any country, being principally national issues, should in no way interfere with the business operations of a State. And yet, under present methods, such conditions exist. Men are often elected as members of a State legislature simply and solely because they are members of a political party.

If politics are eliminated, members will be elected to enact laws according to their qualifications without being handicapped by any partisan matters. Members of the legislature should be able to give the best that is in them to the welfare of the State. Moreover, men in the legislature, elected on a partisan political platform, are inclined to follow the bidding and the dictates of party machines and party bosses.

Many States have taken State and county school officials out of partisan politics and have done the same thing with judges. Why? If the divorcing of judges and school officials from partisan politics is a good thing, if their official duties have no connection with partisan politics, why not extend the same theory to members of the legislature, whose official duties nowhere, nor in any degree, connect them with partisan politics? Partisanship is one of the great evils of government when carried into avenues where, officially, there are no politics.

One of the objects of electing the Nebraska Legislature on a nonpartisan basis was to get away from partisan leadership, and if it has succeeded in that respect, it has taken a very great step forward in human progress. It is natural that politicians should complain of this; it is natural that lobbyists should complain of it, because, to a great extent, the ability of machine politicians to control the acts of the Legislature has thereby been eliminated. This feature will improve as time goes on. If politicians

A rare print of Britain's Parliament convoked by Edward I in 1295. Truly representative, it was made up of lords, knights, and burghers.



Courtesy, The British Museum

have failed, as I think they have, to control this Legislature, they will probably keep their hands off the next one. Those who complain of the loss of party leadership, so far as the one-house legislature is concerned, are offering, in my judgment, a perfectly good argument in favor of the unicameral legislature, and it is a subject for congratulation that this "criticism" is probably correct. We want to get rid of party leadership; we want to divorce the legislative proceedings of the State entirely from party promises, party pledges, deceptions, and intrigues.

FOR instance, the legislature makes the laws which govern the property and the legal rights of our people. The judges enforce those laws. How inconsistent it is to elect the one on the basis of his belief in the tariff, and yet remove the other from the same category. A one-house legislature, composed of a comparatively small number, is much more free from corrupt influences than is a two-house legislature, or a legislature with a large membership.

I know many people, at first blush, will not agree with this statement. There was a time in my life when I did not believe it, but I have reached the conviction from my observation that special interests, by unfair and unjustifiable means, are able to influence and corrupt a two-house legislature much more easily than they can a one-house legislature. I have been told by lobbyists that the easiest legislature to control is the one which is large in number. Where the number is large, they necessarily have to handle only a few men, who, in turn, do their work with the legislature itself. In a two-house legislature the control of the Conference Committee is, in fact, for all practical purposes a control of both branches.

There are thousands of ways in which this is done. A Conference Committee can often be controlled by one man—the man who appoints it. The control of a large body of men can be handled by the control of two or three men who constitute the committee on rules, or who otherwise have a dominating parliamentary influence in the body.

The lobbyist who desires to control the members of a legislature does not, as a rule, seek out the individual member and go through the legislature in that way. He undertakes to deceive men by various methods, mostly of a parliamentary nature. The cases of direct sale of votes are very few. Men in Congress or in the State legislatures are, as a rule, not bribed individually. They are led astray by placing them in hopeless par-

liamentary predicaments, in which they are deceived. If the opportunities for hiding beneath the parliamentary cloak brought about by a two-house legislature are taken away, the dishonest man is not so likely to become a candidate for the legislature. He would know to begin with that he cannot shift responsibility, that he cannot conceal his vote or his official conduct, and he will, therefore, seek other avenues of enriching himself. In other words, it has a tendency to eliminate the dishonest man; and if you eliminate the dishonest man and make it difficult to deceive the honest man, you have attained as near perfection as is possible in a legislature.

The bitterest opponent of the unicameral-legislature plan in Nebraska, who frequently was a professional politician, will have to admit that a higher caliber of representative sought and was elected to office last year. Thirty-two of the 43 members had had legislative experience. The majority of the members had attended college.

I reach the conclusion, therefore, that a one-house legislature will save money to taxpayers. It will go far toward the reestablishment of a democratic form of

government. It will make it more difficult for dishonest men to get into office and still more difficult for dishonest men to retain office. It will give the honest legislator an opportunity to have his record known to the people, and it will make it possible for the people of the State readily to ascertain and comprehend the record of the members of the legislature. It will enable the people to reward the honest servants and to defeat the dishonest ones.

Nothing is truer than the saying that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

To get good government, and to retain it, it is necessary that a liberty-loving, educated, intelligent people should be ever watchful, carefully to guard and protect their rights and liberties. The unicameral legislature is not perfect. It will not eliminate wrong entirely, nor make it unnecessary for the people of the State to keep a constant and watchful eye upon their servants. But it will help them to see and know what is wrong. It will enable them to get better laws enacted and better men into office. And to this extent it will be a guidepost along the road to human advancement and a higher civilization.

One-House Legislatures?

No—Arthur Meighen

[Continued from page 13]

the House of Commons. If we are going to have a democracy, the practice must continue.

There have to be parties and party maneuvers; there have to be conflicts and controversies innumerable in variety and wearisome in length. The great scheme of bringing sections together, letting each see the viewpoint of the other, has to be worked out in the representative chamber.

Sometimes we are too impatient and critical of Governments in allowing what seems inordinate time for discussion of public business. That discussion is good, but it is not the function of the Senate. Members of the second chamber must get away, lift their minds far from those hard-drawn lines of party, or they cannot serve their country. They have to make up their minds to give every Government fair play and not to stand in the way of legislation unless they are convinced it must be defeated on its merits, and that the consequences of failure to defeat it would be serious; nor to stand stubbornly in the path of any Government proposal unless it is brought there in their judgment to serve the ends

of party by largess in this or some other part of the Dominion rather than the true interests of the whole nation.

The Senate, too, has to see to it that legislation which is initiated in the upper house is put in the very best form possible so that it may be found to meet those real needs for which it was designed, and so that when it leaves its hands, it is going to be an instrument of business and not merely a breeding place for litigation, to become, in due course, a paradise for lawyers. It is the business of the Senate, as well, on receipt of a measure from the other chamber, first of all to study the principle behind it, and in every case to study it with a sympathetic mind, and, unless there is grave reason for resisting it, to devote its best efforts to improving the measure in its detail, and then to give that measure's passage its full support.

The task of the Senate in the practical working out of the business of Parliament is to see that every measure, when it passes from its hands, is a piece of legislation well done. To this end our Canadian upper chamber sits but a short time each day. Rarely does it sit through-



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out the period fixed for both houses. It adjourns when its work is done so far as it concerns the recording and explaining of decisions arrived at, and repairs to its committees, for detailed study of bills. This study and review it grinds away at day by day for several hours, and often into the night. Its labors include the rearrangement, very often the recasting, and nearly always the reëxpressing of bills and resolutions—the former sometimes of large dimensions.

It is before these committees that the public is heard. Hearing the public—that is, all interested from any angle in the measure under review—is only one function of the Senate, but a very necessary and important function. If it makes itself a debating society, this duty, so vital if the work is to be well done, could never be discharged. It is the Senate's part to make sure that conflicting interests from every end of the country have an equal hearing, so that everyone concerned has opportunity to express his view and tell the Senate that this or that provision is not going to work, and why. Thus, all contentions and all arguments are advanced before a bill takes its final form.

This is the service the Senate has tried to render, and on this record and this general scheme of procedure it is best discharging its duty to the people.

Where there is a mandate for legislation which comes before the Senate, where such legislation was clearly discussed and placed on the platform of the successful party in an election, then only in most exceptional circumstances should there be any attempt or desire on the part of the upper house to refuse to implement a mandate by its concurring imprimatur. No one, however, who has thought the subject through can say that under no circumstances should legislation coming to the Senate from the lower house, though clearly supported by a popular mandate in an election, fail of support in the second chamber.

It has been plainly and tersely enunciated by Sir John Macdonald and other Canadian statesmen that the Senate's duty, or one of its duties, is to see not only that wise legislation, having for its purpose nothing but the public good, is allowed to become law, irrespective of mandate, but in certain conceivable events to see to it as well that the public of Canada, which may at one election have endorsed extraordinary proposals, has opportunity, if such proposals are of a particularly dangerous or revolutionary character, to think the subject over again; in a word, that the Senate may, under certain circumstances, be allowed to ap-

peal from the electorate of yesterday to the electorate of tomorrow.

That such contingencies may arise can be seen in the Canadian West, where under the influence of drought and depression, and of other urgings not usually brought to bear on public matters, the Province of Alberta departed in the last Provincial contest from long-tried and tested principles of finance to embrace social credit. If such a step were taken by this whole Dominion under similar circumstances, there should be a chance to think the subject over once more, and to make certain that the judgment of the electorate of Canada was a deliberate judgment and one to be sustained. Such a contingency may not arise; but it never can be laid down as a rigid rule that even a mandate is universally obligatory upon the upper chamber or that it would be its duty in all circumstances to acquiesce blindly in any measure. It is enough to emphasize the fact that there is authority behind a popular mandate which the Senate never can ignore, and that only under very special circumstances should that chamber, even for purposes only of delay, fail to comply with an electoral judgment.

THE great mass of legislation has, however, no relation to any special dictum of the people in an electoral contest at all. The great mass of legislation springs from circumstances of the hour. Something has to be done, in the judgment of the administration, and the administration works out its solution in such manner as it deems fit, and submits that solution to Parliament. There is no question of a mandate at all in the case of at least 98 percent of the measures which come to either house. In respect to legislation of this kind, I would not go so far as to aver that the Senate should in all cases have no regard for the wishes of the Commons, but only for its own viewpoint. If it is a subject naturally within the purview of government—something to do with administration—if it is a reflection in a bill of what the Government should be and feels itself best suited to handle, and if it does not affect positive principle going to the root of our institutions, then I would say that even though it were thought a better way might be devised, even though it were thought that on a balance of merits the bill failed, it would be wiser for the Senate, after making, if it can, such remedial amendments as will improve the measure, to allow the Government to have its way.

There is an increasing body of public business which has to be dealt with ses-



Photo: Culver Service

Opening of the first Parliament of the new Dominion of Canada in 1867, as sketched for Harper's Weekly. On July 1, 1867, Canada became the first federal union in the British empire, a date since observed as a public holiday.

sion by session, which does not go to even the fringe of politics, but which has to do, say, with the regulation of commerce and finance; such things, for instance, as amendments to insurance laws; the establishment, for the first time in the Dominion, of shipping laws; and matters of that sort. Such subjects can be presented first to the Senate, and now most frequently are so presented. There is thus given to these measures a care which, on account of pressure of time and other complications, the House of Commons is incapable of giving.

There is only one class of legislation which, in point of law, must be initiated in the lower chamber, and that is such as has to do with taxation of the people, or such as creates a charge on the Treasury. It is not certain, indeed, that the limitation in law is even as restricted as it has been thus expressed. However, whether it be so circumscribed or not, that Senate would be very ill advised which sought to encroach upon the territory which I have just defined. Far better that subjects which fall within the domain of taxation and of charges upon the Treasury should have their initiation in the House of Commons, as is the case in England. Whether or not this is the law in Canada, it ought to be the practice in Canada.

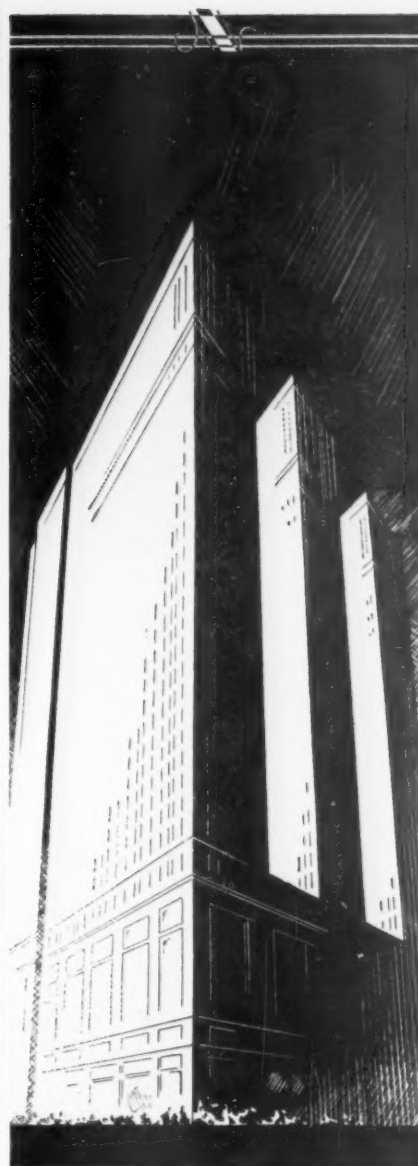
Many a time I have considered, and a majority in our Senate have agreed, that some problem demanding solution was being timidly shelved by referring it to a Royal Commission—a favored practice of our time; whereas it would be much better if the matter were wrestled with by the Government itself and

some method found by the administration to meet the necessities of the hour. Though in such a case much can be said for a reference back, the Senate does not take that course. It tries to put the legislation into the best form it can for giving effect to what the Government wants done; it tries to make it, as far as care can make it, practical, proper, and fair to all concerned, and then it lets the legislation pass.

If the Senate cannot remedy the legislation to its high standards, and votes to defeat it, the bill dies; it is not referred to a third group, but it can be introduced again in the following session.

The Senate can best devote its energy within its own sphere to making the laws practical and sensible, to giving the best possible chance to workers and especially to the humblest worker, to encouraging the upward climber and attaching a wholesome penalty to voluntary idleness, to remembering always that there is nothing so vital to the commonweal as security to life and property, and to offering no countenance to dishonesty and confiscation.

Such is the operation of the two-house system in Canada. I have dwelled upon it at length, for not only is it the one I know best, but also it is illustrative of the soundness of the bicameral principle. A bulwark for the rights of the people against undue encroachment of government, it has also safeguarded the people against demagogic leaders and lobbyists. And, finally, it has done something to unify a people differentiated by economic and racial status as well as geographic distribution.



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One Father Isn't Enough: I Had Eleven!

[Continued from page 16]

the opportunity of sharing with boys the understanding you may have acquired in talking with people in other lands.

My father in music was a guitar-play-
ing bachelor who wanted to have some-
body to accompany. So he argued me
into taking up the now lost art of man-
dolin playing. We never got beyond
The Prince of Pilsen, but the mere activ-
ity of learning to read music somehow
has made listening to operas and sym-
phonies much more enjoyable. As a per-
former, I still linger in musical slums, but
under our skins the player of the French
horn and I are brothers.

Somewhere about the age of 13, my
best pal and I were adopted by still an-
other father. He ran one of the dusty
secondhand and curio shops that used to
be much commoner than they are today
—a place where you might find, lying be-
side a "broken" set of china from the
home of a millionaire, a stiletto brought
in by an ex-anarchist.

We three had some heavy business dis-
cussions. One day it might be about
how to dispose of a lot of obsolete dental
equipment. The next day we'd speculate
on the possibility of getting rid of all the
freak pistols in the place by assembling
them into a collection and displaying
them in the main window at a bargain
price.

There was a small financial reward in
this particular father-and-son relation-
ship, for now and then we brought in
salable discards from our own homes and
finds from the attics of our friends and
relatives. On these father Sutherland al-
ways paid us a small amount, explaining
just why the sum was what it was be-
cause of the price he expected to get and
what overhead he had to reckon in. This
may seem a laughable introduction to
business, but I know that our experimen-
tation as purchasing agents and sales ex-
perts for that Dickensy shop made buy-
ing and selling more interesting when the
time came for two boys from East 60th
Street to enter business.

A ninth father I mention briefly. He
was a physician who took me riding occa-
sionally in his Stanley Steamer when
making his rounds. There was plenty of
"kick" in rushing past the gas cars lag-
ging up steep hills, but more valuable
was the knowledge about "the facts of
life" the doctor passed along, and also
a better understanding of human nature
which he imparted by relating unusual
experiences with his patients without
mentioning their names. It did him

good to get his trials and tribulations off
his chest, I know, and he always handled
the stories so that I couldn't possibly iden-
tify the characters.

When I reached my final year in
high school, I came to the last of my ten
other fathers. Up to that time I was
pretty confused about what I wanted to
do for a living. My tenth supplemen-
tary father was the best analyst I met of
what I had to offer the business world.
He not only showed me conclusively
where my best opportunity lay, but he
also introduced me to influential busi-
nessmen, including Thomas S. Lamont,
now a partner in J. P. Morgan & Com-
pany, but then just fresh to banking from
newspaper work. If penetrating under-
standing is the most important skill in
fatherhood, this father should rank tops
among my 11. . . .

How many fathers should a boy have?
As many as he needs. Eleven were none
too many for me. A hundred wouldn't
be enough for some boys.

Recently I participated in an experi-
ment to help high-school boys reach con-
clusions about the selection of occupa-
tions when they left school. Several fa-
thers volunteered to talk about their
businesses or professions with these boys.
There are some boys so confused that
only a hundred different fathers in a
hundred different fields could bring light
into the darkness! The bewildered boy
may need exposure to all the kinds of
work he can get, if he is to make an in-
telligent selection.

"I'D LIKE to be a lawyer," said one
boy, "but I'd be scared stiff to examine
witnesses and plead with juries." He
was delighted to learn that many lead-
ing attorneys never enter courtrooms.
Both simple misconceptions and the more
troublesome ones need clarification with
many of the young men leaving high
schools and colleges. It's utterly impos-
sible for a single father to help his own
flesh and blood all he'd like to. The best
vocational guidance a boy can get is inti-
mate friendship with many men in many
kinds of work. These foster fathers
should take the boys behind the scenes,
lend them books and business or profes-
sional papers which deal with different
fields. Then, often, pass the boy along to
still other fathers.

But life is more than work.

Here's a father who has no use for
baseball games! Music is his hobby.
And here's a father to whom all music

sounds alike, but who is a rabid baseball fan. The two have sons. Why shouldn't they swap youngsters now and then with the goal of having both boys appreciate the fine points of *both* baseball and music?

Then there's the one-talent boy whose complete absorption in singing or electricity makes him a misfit in a family unable to share his interest. You may not be able to help the boy directly with his ambition except by encouragement without much understanding, but you may be able to introduce him to others who can father him in his specialty because they, too, share it. Such boys may be spiritual orphans in their own families even when surrounded by all the affection in the world.

We speak much about "underprivileged" youngsters. Well, to some extent,

Halfway to Ninety

[Continued from page 30]

will be 1950 before my last child is graduated from college, and I will be in my sixties. Therefore I cannot afford to let down even for the moment. I may not provide them with anything but health and education, but if I do a good job of that, I shall be reasonably satisfied.

Incidentally, the two happiest persons I ever knew lived in the almshouse. One was Old Mary, our Negro washerwoman of my childhood, who once had been a slave. Twenty years later I looked her up, and was able to grant her last wish. I gave to Old Mary what she most wanted: a Bible with colored pictures in it—she could neither read nor write—and a plug of chewing tobacco. The other happiest one was an old man, who dreaded the poorhouse more than death. But once he was there, they put him in charge of the flower gardens, and great contentment was in his heart until he died.

From others I have learned the secret of contentment regarding the passing years. My life philosophy is based not on how old I am but what my reasonable expectancy is. The other day I talked to an old, old lady who has just turned her 90th year. For 70 years she had been employed on newspapers in my home city, spending 60 years on one publication.

"Do you feel like it is near the end of the last act and the curtain is about to ring down?" I said to her.

"Not a bit of it," she smiled. "I'm planning for my future with as much eagerness, although not for so long a period, as I did in my youth."

Another man who is nearly 75 works

every boy alive is underprivileged, no matter how wealthy or intelligent his parents may be, and for the simple reason that no father can be expert at everything! Then, too, many of us grow one-sided as we grow older—both in our work and in our pastimes. This narrowing down is forced upon us by the demands of making a living and the little time for a variety of hobbies. But this is unfortunate for our sons, and the only remedy I can think of is a variety of fathers.

So I have told about my own ten special fathers with the hope of making plain an opportunity for service of the finest kind. And if you need a selfish motive to spur you into the adventure, it offers a chance to enjoy a big old-fashioned family without adding a cent to your living expenses!

in the news room with me and he covers as much ground and writes as much copy as the youngest reporter on the staff. Another man of 65 is proud of the fact that he is hard as nails and can best his son-in-law in a boxing match, in handball, or in swimming.

Why should I, a youngster of 45, begin to grieve? I will not own up to such cowardliness or silliness. I feel I shall live to be 90 and am planning accordingly. When I reach that and I am in good health, if so it happens, I will project my further plans then. But I come of a long-lived family, my blood pressure is low, and my energy is abundant, and doctors tell me if I keep out of the way of bleary-eyed motorists there is no reason why I shouldn't round out the nine decades and perhaps ten.

Although I have passed that dreaded 45th birthday, I have no intention of slowing down in my work, notwithstanding the fact that I am doing what ordinarily engages the time and energy of two or three men. Next to my family, my work is my life, my hobby, my recreation, and my diversion. I get a thrill out of it and I feel that I have so mastered it that it will be an asset instead of a liability to me, nervously and physically, as well as mentally, 30 or 40 years from now, just as at present.

I really believe it is possible to carry on with the same speed indefinitely, if I but use the reserve resources which are hidden within us all. Psychologists tell us that the ordinary human being does not employ more than one-tenth of his brain power. I am one of those ordinary

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individuals. I expect to solve my problem by endeavoring to call up another tenth or two of that reserve and increase my efficiency. Although I manage to get quite a lot of work done, yet I am convinced I could do twice as much with the same expenditure of energy, if I but used a little more gray matter.

It is surprising how much of a 500-word letter one can reduce to a ten-word telegram. I shall confine myself to essentials, letting needless details pass by. I never can forget the words of a professor in the college classroom who turned aside one day from his discourse on mathematics to remark, "Young men, strenuousness is not necessarily efficiency." I have forgotten his calculus but I have remembered his advice.

I can do more work by more thinking and less running. That is the policy which I am seeking more and more to establish. By using my head, I do not need to decrease the amount of work I am doing but I can accomplish it with much less effort. System and selectivity shall be the twin motors of my new life. If engineers can make interminable improvements in automobiles, I can do the same with my own mechanism.

I have no particular desire to keep young, because youth is often immature, rash, and of poor judgment. I prefer the seasoned judgment and experience which come only with the years. But I shall endeavor ever and always to maintain that characteristic which is mistakenly supposed to be a characteristic of youth alone—I refer to an open mind. As a matter of fact, I am convinced that taken by and large, older people are more apt to be open-minded than youth. At no age is one so apt to make snap judgments as in his teens. At no time is one so cocksure of himself as in his adolescence; and often the college graduate in his mortarboard and with his diploma in his hand feels there is no more to learn.

I may deteriorate physically—that is the order of Nature; but I can develop mentally and culturally, and that I am determined to do. I shall keep the open mind, but I shall not make an obsession of it. I shall not be like my friend who was always boasting to me of his humility and self-abnegation. In other words, while I want it to be a real entity in my life, I don't wish it to be an intrusive quality. It has always been my policy, and I expect it to continue to be, never to reject anything just because it is old and never to accept a thing just because it is new. Novelty is not a test of merit, nor is age.

The open mind and reserved judg-

ment are to me the open door to a serene life. The hot passions of today are cold tomorrow. Too often does public opinion shift completely, too frequently do scientists change their theories, too swiftly do standards vary for one to feel finality in anything. Convictions I shall have, of course, but they shall not become obsessions. I shall always reserve the right to change my opinion on what seems to me to be adequate cause, without admitting either inconsistency or hypocrisy. I believe the open mind is the greatest quality one can possess, whether it be in science, politics, religion, industry, education, or art. It is the main stem of growth, yet few really possess it.

My main hobby shall continue to be, as it is now, objective rather than subjective. I cannot get a real thrill out of golf or bridge, but I can now and then helping some young chap get off to the right start. Every man in business or a profession has opportunities to give tips to the oncomers which will be invaluable to them in making the grade. Probably there has never been a generation so bewildered or so checkmated as the youth of today. It is no fault of their own. Caught in the web of circumstance, they have been all but defeated before the start. Personal leadership and encouragement in their chosen fields are what they need most. There is real satisfaction to be had in sharing the successful launching of an ambitious youngster on his career.

I SHALL seek to develop the art of friendship. I have many associates and acquaintances; but real friends—those whom I can visit without notice, sit down and chat with or keep still, just as the spirit moves us—are few and far between. I am not a fisherman, or I might have more of them. It takes time to make friends and I shall seek time for the task.

I am resolved that no fatalism, defeatism, or *laissez faire* shall grip me. I can meet that resolve by centering my chief consideration on the intangible values, which are not to be found in money-making as an end in itself, but in good reading, the arts, in worship, and in unostentatious human service. I am not intrigued by either the movies or the stage as we have them today, and the radio is a bore. But the constant procession of humanity toward its goal is the greatest thriller of all. As long as I can have a part in the march, or even be a witness to it, I am confident I shall get enough joy out of life to be an antidote to any desire for window-jumping.

Helps for the Club Program Makers

The following reading references are based on *Planning Club Meetings in Advance, 1937-38* (Form No. 251) issued from the Secretariat of Rotary International, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. The supplementary references may be obtained from your local public library or by writing to the individual State Library Commissions.

THIRD WEEK (JANUARY)—Promoting Rural-Urban Acquaintance (Community Service).

From THE ROTARIAN—

Farmers—Friends and Neighbors. Ainsley Roosen. This issue, page 44.
Rebirth of the Barefoot Boy—and Girl. William F. McDermott. Nov., 1937.
Your Neighbor, the Farmer. Henry G. Bennett. Dec., 1936.
Rotary's Work Formula. Editorial. Dec., 1935.
Our Country Neighbors. Editorial. Nov., 1934.
Helping the Farmer to Help Himself. Daniel Rochford. Apr., 1932.
Rotary Plows a Friendly Furrow. John H. Millar. Mar., 1930.

Pamphlets and Papers—

From the Secretariat of Rotary International:
Promoting Rural-Urban Acquaintance. No. 649.
Fellowship of Urbanites and Ruralites. No. 650.
Rural-Urban Acquaintance Promotion. No. 39.

FOURTH WEEK (JANUARY)—The Rotarian Week (Club Service).

From THE ROTARIAN—

About Your Magazine. This issue, page 32.
An Idea Catches On. Editorial. Dec., 1937.
Re: Our Own Rotary Press. July, 1937.
Our Magazine—Then and Now. Chesley R. Perry. Jan., 1936.
Our Birthday. Editorial. Jan., 1936.
Reporting on 'The Rotarian.' Scribblers. Jan., 1936.
The National Rotarian. Jan., 1936. (Reproduction of the first ROTARIAN ever printed.)
About Your Magazine. Editorial. Aug., 1936.

FIFTH WEEK (JANUARY)—The International Postal Union (International Service).

From THE ROTARIAN—

By Post to Peace. Karl K. Krueger. This issue, page 38.

Other Magazines—

First American Air Mail; Balloon Flight in 1859. R. Baker. *American Mercury*. July, 1935.
Who'll Rule Foreign Air Mail? *Business Week*. Aug. 14, 1937.

Books—

Old Post Bags. Alvin Fay Harlow. Appleton-Century. 1928. \$5. The history of mail service from ancient times.

Pamphlets and Papers—

From the Secretariat of Rotary International:
The International Postal Union. No. 725B.
 From the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace:

The Genesis of the Universal Postal Union. International Conciliation Pamphlet No. 233. Oct., 1927.

FIRST WEEK (FEBRUARY)—An Intercity Meeting (Club Service).

From THE ROTARIAN—

Forensic Fellowship. Editorial. May, 1936.
Gregarious for a Purpose. Editorial. Feb., 1935.
'Swapping' Presidents. Editorial. May, 1934.
Let's Go A'Visiting. Editorial. Oct., 1934.

Pamphlets and Papers—

From the Secretariat of Rotary International:
Intercity Meetings. No. 107.

Answers to Kiver-to-Kiver Questions on Page 55

1. Smaller.
2. Fifth Century Angles, Jutes, and Danes.
3. Music lessons for beginners.
4. Home accidents.
5. Singapore.
6. Alaska to the Argentine.
7. Is the usual practice.
8. Alexander Hamilton.
9. Einstein.
10. von Stephan.

SECOND WEEK (FEBRUARY)—A Father and Son Program (Community Service).

From THE ROTARIAN—

One Father Isn't Enough: I Had Eleven! Ray Giles. This issue, page 14.
Better Boys at Bargain Prices. B. A. Schapper. This issue, page 47.
So We Are Calling It—'Boy Sponsorship.' Winthrop R. Howard. June, 1937.
Be a Pal to My Son?—Yes! (debate). Clarence Mulholland. No 'Pal Stuff' for My Boy. Webster Peterson. Jan., 1935.

Other Magazines—

Father and Son Need to Get Acquainted. *Hygeia*. Jan., 1936.
Fathers As Pala. J. P. Warbasse. *Parents' Magazine*. Aug., 1936.

Books—

From Father to Son. Julian Scott Bryan. Farrar & Rinehart. 1937. \$1. Sincere, sympathetic advice based on the careers of men whom the author studied.
The City Boy and His Problems: A Survey of Boy Life in Los Angeles. Emory S. Bogardus. 1926. (Sponsored and financed by the Rotary Club of Los Angeles.) What Los Angeles Rotarians learned about boys.
Rediscovering the Adolescent. Harvey S. Dimmock. Association Press. 1937. \$2.75. A prominent authority on the psychology of childhood discusses the subject thoroughly.
Yours to Venture. A Book about Your Future. Robert R. Updegraff. Whittlesey House. 1937. \$2. The answer to "I haven't got a chance."
Father Meets Son. J. P. McEvoy. Lippincott. 1937. \$1. Good commonsense to a modern son entering the business world.

Pamphlets and Papers—

From the Secretariat of Rotary International:
A Father and Son Program. No. 682A.

Other Suggestions for Club Programs

FUN IN YOUR BASEMENT

From THE ROTARIAN—

Give Your Cellar a Personality. Fred Merish. This issue, page 34.
Give Your Hobby Its Head! Ray Giles. Feb., 1935.

Other Magazines—

Lighting a Cellar Game Room. H. P. Strand. *Popular Science Monthly*. Aug., 1937.
A Place to Play; What Can Be Made of the Prosaic Basement. B. D. Lynn. *Better Homes and Gardens*. Sept., 1937.

Books—

The Book of Hobbies. Charles William Taussig and Theodore Arthur Meyer. Minton Balch. 1924. \$3. Chapters on photography, radio, block prints, etc.
The Beacon Handicraft Series: Metalcraft for Amateurs. Peter Manzoni. *Leathercraft for Amateurs.* Eleonore E. Bang. *Hand Loom Weaving for Amateurs.* Kate Van Cleave. *Linoleum Block Printing for Amateurs.* Charlotte D. Bone. *Braiding and Knotting for Amateurs.* Constantine A. Belash. The Beacon Press, Inc. 1935 and 1936. \$1 each.

ENJOY HOME—BUT BE CAREFUL

From THE ROTARIAN—

Home, Lethal Home. Richard E. Vernor. This issue, page 26.

Other Magazines—

How Safe Is Home? K. Kent. *Scribner's Magazine*. Nov., 1937.
Home Is Where the Hurts Are. K. Fisher. *Good Housekeeping*. July, 1937.
Common Household Accidents. L. L. Lefkowitz. *Hygeia*. Dec., 1936.

UNICAMERAL LEGISLATURES

From THE ROTARIAN—

One-House Legislatures? (debate). Yes—George W. Norris. No—Arthur Meighen. This issue, page 10.

Other Magazines—

One-House Legislature. Senator George W. Norris. *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science*. Sept., 1935.
Unicameral Legislatures. *Congressional Digest*. Aug., 1937.
Only One House? H. L. Ewbank. *Scholastic*. Sept., 1937.
Senator Norris's Legislature. R. Fleming. *Nation*. Jan., 1937.

Books—

Unicameral Legislatures. Harrison Boyd Summers. H. W. Wilson. 1936. 90c.
One-House Legislature. J. B. Senning. McGraw-Hill. 1937. \$1.50.
Unicameral Legislatures. Ezra Christian Buehler. (Annual Debaters Help Book Series.) Noble & Noble. 1937. \$2.

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Photo: (3) Alexandra

Left to right: Contributors van Loon, Norris, Meighen

Chats on Contributors

KKNOWN as "a man who never sees facts just as facts, unrelated, but must by some inner compulsion fit them into the whole pattern of life," **Henrik Willem van Loon**, *After Today—Tomorrow*, has for years been one of the most potent mind stimulators on the international stage. He was born at Rotterdam, The Netherlands, in 1882, but since he was 21 has lived in the United States. An Associated Press World War correspondent, later a university professor of history, he has written many volumes, including the widely read *The Story of Mankind*. Recently off the press is his *The Arts*. . . Few men in public life command the respect that does **George W. Norris**, senior Senator from the State of Nebraska, who presents the affirmative side of the debate-of-the-month, *One-House Legislatures?* Early a lawyer, he became, in succession, a prosecuting attorney, a District judge, a Representative in Congress, a Senator, now in his fifth consecutive term. He was the dominant personality behind Nebraska's decision to adopt the unicameral plan of legislative procedure. . . **Arthur Meighen**, who answers *No*—to the debate question, is Senate leader of the Conservative party in Canada. Engaged in business in Winnipeg until 1900, he studied law and, in 1908, entered public life as a member of the House of Commons. Honored by appointment to some of Canada's highest offices, he became Prime Minister in 1920 and again in 1926. He is a member of the Privy Council and active as president and director of financial organizations.



Photo: The Delinquent

For 11 years sole Federal Inspector of Prisons, the while he annually travelled 100,000 miles over the United States, Alaska, and Puerto Rico, **Joseph Fulling Fishman**, *On Guard with Prison Guards*, has had a close-up of American penal methods and problems. In 1925, he became an associate consultant in delinquency and penology for the Russell Sage Foundation, and later, deputy commissioner of correction of New York City. His experiences have been detailed in such journals as *Harper's*, *Esquire*, *North American Review*, *Collier's*. . . Sales and advertising consultant in New York City, **Ray Giles**, *One Father Isn't Enough: I Had Eleven!*, has written prodigiously on matters of business, and often for *THE ROTARIAN*. Of recent years he has authored such works as *Turn Your Imagination into Money!* and *Your Money and Your Life Insurance*. An artist

and photographer by avocation, his water colors have been exhibited at annual shows of the Businessmen's Art Club of New York, and he has won awards in photographic competitions. . . By discovering in his youth that even secondhand harmonicas could produce suitable tunes, **Doron K. Antrim**, *Radio Rescues the Musical Amateur*, has since given his life to music via teaching, writing, selling. Even during the World War he helped soldiers share its values. Since 1928, *The Metronome* has been under his editorial direction. Readers will remember his *Business on a Musical Scale* (December *ROTARIAN*), his *Music for What Ails You* (May, 1937, *ROTARIAN*).

No new name to *ROTARIAN* readers is that of **William F. McDermott** (*The Rebirth of the Barefoot Boy—and Girl*, November issue) nor to the area covered by the *Chicago Daily News*, of which he is religious editor. Though a college professor warned him, "Don't try to write for a living," he entered journalism in Kansas City, Mo., as a reporter, but after a year came to Chicago, where he has been a social worker, student, religious-work director in churches, an ordained minister. His hobby is social service; a leading interest, developing a philosophy of living. He writes here on *Halfway to Ninety*. . . **Fred Merish**, *Give Your Cellar a Personality*, conducts surveys for industrial and commercial clients, installs promotion systems, pens articles on business. . . *Seeking Peace—in a Concrete Way* brings to *ROTARIAN* readers once more **John B. Tompkins**, free-lance journalist of Vancouver, B. C., Canada. . . **Richard E. Vernor**, *Home, Lethal Home*, Governor of Rotary's District 147 and a Past President of the Rotary Club of Chicago, is manager of the fire prevention department of the Western Actuarial Bureau. His classification: fire prevention publicist. . . **B. A. Schapper**, *Better Boys at Bargain Prices*, is a contributor to American journals and nurtures interests in public relations, advertising promotion, gardening. . . **William Lyon Phelps**, *Two 'Ten Best' Selections for 1937*, Yale's esteemed professor emeritus of English literature, a regular contributor to these columns, is a member of the Rotary Club of New Haven, Conn. . . **Karl K. Krueger**, *By Post to Peace*, and **Ainsley Roseen**, *Farmers—Friends and Neighbors*, are members of THE *ROTARIAN* staff.

Photos: (1) Moffett; (2) Blackstone Studios; (3) Harold Stead



Left to right: Contributors
Vernor, Giles, and Antrim



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* The offices of Rotary International, "The Rotarian" Magazine, and "Revista Rotaria," Spanish edition of "The Rotarian," are all located on the eighth and ninth floors of this building.



Author Will Durant

Looking Ahead

¶ Vague about Confucius? about his precepts? Then learn from **Will Durant**, famed as a historian of philosophy, such things about the sage as these: he was an archer, a musician, a figure of "49 remarkable peculiarities," and he taught that "character is the foundation of civilization." Look for *A Piece of Old China* in your March **ROTARIAN**. . . . For a bifocal view of advertising, read next month's debate, an attack on and a defense of it—by **Frances Dickson**, a consumer, and **Earnest Elmo Calkins**, an "adman." . . . If you've gone deep-sea diving with **John D. Craig** in the issue you're now thumbing, you won't need coaxing to read the yarn's second installment. It will appear in March. . . . Literally more than a *Million Acres of Peace* are the international peace parks which dot the Canadian and Mexican borders of the United States. **Robert J. C. Stead**, a Canadian, writes of their growth and significance.

**In Your March
ROTARIAN**

Our Readers' Open Forum

Warning against Bias

Your debate on *One-House Legislatures?* in the January issue was the clearest and most informative presentation of both the facts and the arguments involved that I ever have seen. I likewise consider it the most interesting of the many excellent symposiums which have given **THE ROTARIAN** prestige much beyond that usually enjoyed by magazines of its type.

Without detracting from this laudatory statement, I have asked myself if my enjoyment of the unicameral-legislature symposium might have been due in part to the fact that I was absolutely open-minded on the subject. If such is the case, it should be a warning that bias may handicap one in his reading.

CURTIS D. MACDOUGALL, Editor
National Almanac and Year Book

Chicago, Illinois

Bicameral Evils Not Inherent

Re: the debate on unicameral legislatures in the January issue:

Senator Norris, as we all know, was the originator of the unicameral legislature in Nebraska, which has lately got off to a start. He has given many good arguments for the new system and we are all looking for and taking hold of them whether they are good or bad. Nevertheless, the Senator makes a plea for unicameralism.

The Honorable Arthur Meighen apparently has not done so well for the negative side, since he has not brought all the arguments forward which he could have done. It may not be clear to many that the Senate of Canada is not elective but appointive for life by the Governor General, thus it is not a representative body.

Too many of us feel that a bicameral system of legislation is outmoded and complex and also with too many serious evils simply because it is bicameralism, but such is not the case. There are no new policies which may be introduced into the unicameral system which cannot be just as easily introduced into the bicameral system. The evils complained of are not inherent in the system itself, but are the fault of the members for not removing them, or revising their rules of governing the system.

H. WATSON DAVISON
Rotary Club President

Classification: Education—High Schools
Greencastle, Pennsylvania

Appreciation

Several people have pointed out to me Lynn Waldorf's article, *The Scoreboard Doesn't Tell All* [November issue]. It was well written and certainly an effective educational approach to the game of football.

As Mr. Waldorf well knows, he has been a profound and genuine influence in my life, as well as in the lives of many other players, and I deeply appreciate his references to me in his article.

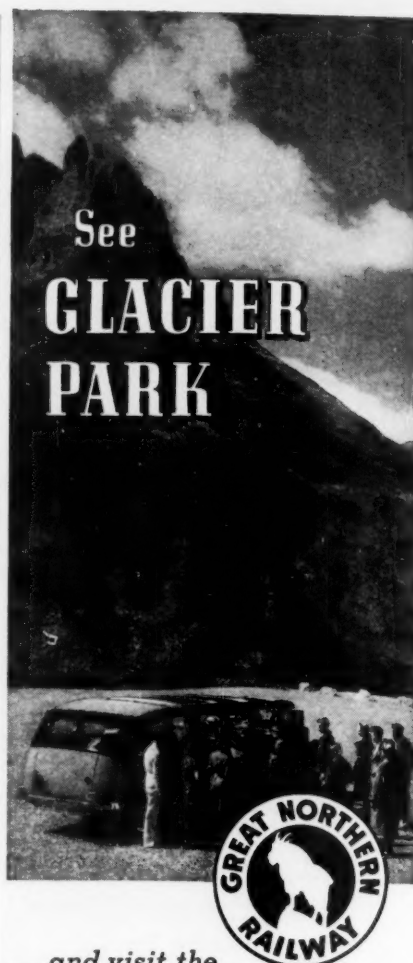
OLLIE ADELMAN

Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Re: Rural-Urban Meetings

I have just finished reading the article in the January **ROTARIAN** *Farmers—Friends and Neighbors*, by Ainsley Roscen.

It might be of interest to you to know where



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this good work of promotion of rural-urban friendly relationship started. It began in 1917 when the Vincennes Rotary Club invited a group of farmers to its first Rotary-farmers meeting, since which time it has been an annual event of the Vincennes Rotary Club. From this beginning the idea of rural-urban relationship has spread throughout Rotary and the article is particularly interesting to me because I happen to be the farmer member of my Club.

We held a delightful meeting in November when some 60 farmer leaders of the surrounding country were the guests of our Club at the 20th annual meeting which was addressed by the president of the Indiana Farm Bureau, Hassell Schenck.

JOHN NAPIER DYER, *Rotarian*
Classification: Farming
1st Vice-President, Rotary International
(1919-20)

Vincennes, Indiana

A Department of Peace?

In the debate on *A Department of Peace?* [November ROTARIAN] neither Mr. Gannett nor Pertinax mentions the fact that we have had, ever since Congress created the Department of State in 1789, a Secretary of Peace in the President's Cabinet, known as the Secretary of State; he has charge of our peaceful relations with other Governments.

More recently their handling has been divided. We have two Secretaries whose duties are confined to conducting our peaceful relations with other countries—the Secretary of State and the Secretary of Commerce. . . .

The most ludicrous feature of the present agitation for a Secretary of Peace is that the proponents of the idea seem to assume that such a Secretary, instead of conducting vigorous propaganda on behalf of the President's policies, would be conducting propaganda for somewhat different policies. . . .

W. F. MASON, *Rotarian*
Classification: Attorney at Law

Aberdeen, South Dakota

Valuable for All

I am no longer a member of the local Rotary Club, but I do want to keep in touch with the great Rotary movement. I admire its ethical standards. I am writing you at this time to see if I can subscribe for THE ROTARIAN even if I am not an active member. It is a wonderful magazine.

I read it from cover to cover. It is a valuable journal for all.

B. L. STENGER
Shickshinny, Pennsylvania

Former members and other non-Rotarians may subscribe to THE ROTARIAN at the same rate as for members—\$1.50 per year.—Eds.

Goodwill through Fellowship

While I am not a Rotarian in name, I was a member of No. 1 [Chicago, Illinois] so long that I will always be interested.

Coming out on the train from Chicago a few months ago, I picked up a copy of the October ROTARIAN, and was very much interested in the article *Young Hands Across the Pacific*, by Yas-masa Togo in reference to the America-Japan Student Conference held last Summer at Stanford University.

My son, Bill, is a senior at Carleton College, to which school the late Frank Kellogg gave a half million dollars for an International Relations Department. Bill was a delegate to the America-Japan Conference, and spent about

three weeks with the 50 Japanese delegates, and he was also a leader at one of the conference roundtables.

On his return to the ranch I was much interested not only in his account of the conference and the work they accomplished, but in his changed attitude toward the Japanese, and the warm personal friendships that had grown up among the 200 young people of these two divergent nations.

C. A. STAFFORD

Nye, Montana

'Example More Than Precept'

I wish to congratulate you on the continued excellence of THE ROTARIAN. I read it each month with increased interest, and believe that you and your force are doing a very constructive work for Rotary in all parts of the world. THE



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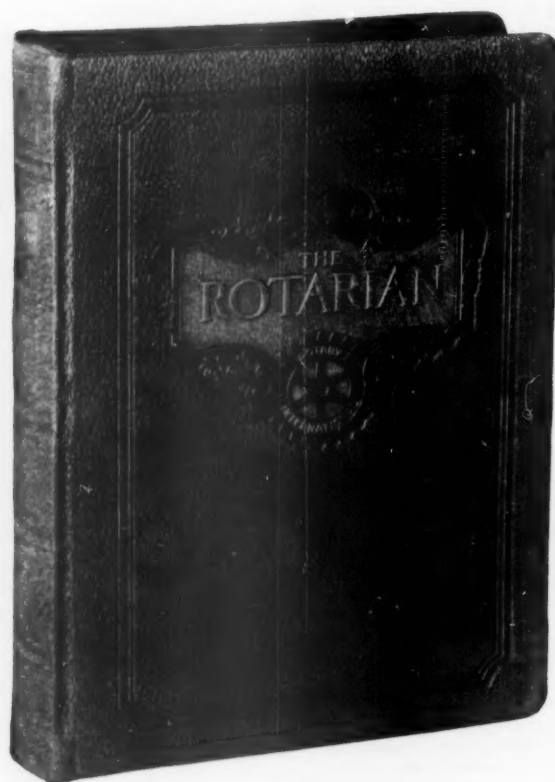
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will always follow better understanding which, in turn, produces more goodwill.

The more I study this movement, the more I am convinced that, potentially, it is one of the greatest forces now operating in the world toward breaking down prejudice, bigotry, and intolerance of every kind, and substituting in their stead a world fellowship that is anxious to know the other man's viewpoint. . . .

When I think of the progress already made in the 33 short years of Rotary's history in sowing the seeds of such wholesome ideals of service and mutual understanding, I have no fear of the ultimate results if Rotarians continue to live up to the high standards thus far maintained.

Revolutions are sudden and fierce—evolution is of much slower growth, but always more permanent. The latter is what we are striving for, and it takes time to reap a full harvest. There are tense situations manifesting themselves in several parts of the world, situations that have brought great sorrow and distress to the nations, but these should not overly discourage us, nor cause us to lose hope. Those may be the darkest hours before the dawn. Travail and suffering, sorrow and distress, seem always to march ahead of cataclysmic changes in the thought and actions of nations. Rotary cannot fail in its mission if it sticks zealously to its purposes of gradual conquest over ignorance, fear, selfishness, and misunderstanding.

Therefore, the men who represent it must themselves become thoroughly inoculated with its germs of fair play, tolerance, friendly understanding, and ideals of service before they step into places of leadership and responsibility. We can be in too great a hurry to extend our membership in a locality if we are neglecting to consolidate and educate the forces we already have.

More power to you in the good work you are doing with **THE ROTARIAN**; my sincere hope is that you will not weary or weaken in your triumphant march toward world understanding.

ED NUNNALLY

Rotary Club Secretary

San Angelo, Texas

No 'Niminy-Piminy Samples'

May I seize this opportunity to applaud **THE ROTARIAN**? Its debates are admirable, if occasionally a trifle far-fetched, and its constant harping on the theme of peace is magnificently sustained and done with just the right accent. It is perhaps more because of this than because of general respect for Rotary that such very distinguished men outside of Rotary are willing to write for it; and not just to lend their names to niminy-piminy 200-word samples, but to write real stuff.

WINSLOW AMES, *President, Rotary Club*

Classification: Art Exhibitions

New London, Connecticut

City Folks Need It

I wish to commend the article *What a Difference It—*, by John R. Tunis [November issue]. I clipped this article from the magazine and asked everyone in our employ to read it. I also passed it around the bank of which I am a director.

This is "propaganda" in the right direction. There are several offices in your city where I would like to suggest they read this article, as their treatment of visitors is far from encouraging. Few people realize what influence the lady at the reception desk or on the telephone has with the prospective customers of the company.

ROGER M. WEAVER, *Rotarian*

Classification: Building Materials Retailing
Duluth, Minnesota